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The Nation

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by Henry Hazlitt

Reviews and Articles by

Mark Van Doren, Irwin Edman, Granville Hicks, Joshua Kunitz, Isidor Schneider Joseph Wood Krutch, Matthew Josephson Alexander Bakshy, Florence Codman Sidney B. Fay, Stanley J. Kunitz

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor
HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY, Managing Editor

Associate Editors
FREDA KIRCHWEY
DOROTHY VAN DOREN ARTHUR WARNER

Dramatic Editor
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NORMAN THOMAS LEWIS S. GANNETT CARL VAN DOREN
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DAVID BOEHM, Advertising Manager

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THE CENSUS ENUMERATOR that ran into a woman who hadn't spoken to her husband for thirty-two years—"and I'm damned if I'll speak to him now for you or anybody else"—was matched by the other one that turned in only thirty-two names after a whole day's work because the women insisted on telling her all their troubles and she hadn't the heart to break away. The public has been so thoroughly warned against the fake census racketeer, whatever that strange animal may be, that the genuine enumerator finds it necessary to wear dog-proof puttees. Ever since Augustus sent all the world home to be taxed, people have regarded the census-taker with a certain suspicion as maybe the precursor of fresh ills to come. When we consider the World War, Uncle Andy Mellon, Reed Smoot, last winter's daily bulletin from Little America, the present race of world's-champion pugilists, and all the other forms of taxation without representation, we sympathize with their feeling. Yet if we are not counted how can we brag how many of us there are? For ourselves, then, we shall cheerfully answer not only the twenty-nine impertinent general questions that a prying Uncle Sam has devised, but also the thirteen queries he is directing to our being out of a job. We wonder who slipped those last ones over on a Republican Administration.

THE MUSCLE SHOALS BILL (Senate Joint Resolution 49), creating a government corporation for the operation of the great power plant on the Tennessee River, was passed by the Senate on April 4 by a vote of 45 to 23, after a brief debate in which Senator Norris put into the record additional information about the crooked lobbying that has been done against the measure. The bill provides for the building of another great dam at Cove Creek, Tennessee, on the Clinch River, 300 miles from Muscle Shoals, practically doubling the capacity of the enterprise at the latter point and making possible a development of nearly 450,000 firm horse-power. If the House passes the bill, as is expected, we shall face an interesting situation. President Hoover is opposed to "the operation by the government of either power or manufacturing business except as an unavoidable by-product of some other major public purpose." Will his devotion to this principle cause him to veto a bill twice passed by Congress? His position is not made easier by the existing public knowledge of the shameless activities of his handy-man, Claudius H. Huston, chairman of the Republican National Committee, in lobbying against the bill.

WHEN IS A MONOPOLY not a monopoly? When it belongs to the Secretary of the Treasury, and when an inconvenient Attorney General is promoted to the Supreme Court. If you don't believe it ask the Federal Trade Commission, which on April 4 dismissed all monopoly complaints against the Aluminum Company of America, Mr. Mellon's concern that owns or controls all the bauxite deposits in the United States, produces something like 95 per cent of our virgin sheet aluminum, owns 36 per cent of the stock of the Aluminum Goods Company, our biggest manufacturer of aluminum goods, and all the stock of the United States Aluminum Company, our next-largest producer, not to speak of various other unconsidered trifles like 75 per cent of the stock of the American Body Company and 89 per cent of that of the Aluminum Die Castings Corporation. When that honest lawyer Harlan F. Stone was Attorney General he proceeded against the company for violating the consent decree of 1912, finding that, controlling the raw material and enjoying high protection, it controlled the price of sheet aluminum. When Mr. Stone left the Cabinet for the Supreme Court, his great successor John J. Sargent forgot all about aluminum, and William D. Mitchell has not happened to think about it yet. Now comes this reassuring decision by the Trade Commission, just three days after argument before that body was concluded. We are glad to know that the Aluminum Company is not a monopoly; we had supposed it was.

UNEMPLOYMENT has commanded widespread attention during the past ten days. President William Green of the American Federation of Labor surprised the Senate Commerce Committee by testifying that unemployment among federation members had never fallen below 9 per cent during the past twenty-seven months, and that

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it had this winter reached a peak of 22 per cent. He urged a federal employment service, special counsel and training for workers displaced by technological change, job analysis to keep places open for older workers, and long-time planning of public works. He declared that revolution might well be the alternative to unemployment insurance under non-union conditions. Governor Roosevelt of New York, in a rather notable message, calls attention to the "accumulation of unemployment" due to seasonal and cyclical business fluctuations and technological changes. In appointing a committee to develop plans of stabilization he emphasizes the possibilities of cooperation of government and industry. Meanwhile the Senate Finance Committee has reported favorably Senator Wagner's bills providing for the better collection and publication of unemployment statistics and for creating what is popularly called a "prosperity reserve" in the building of public works, with a maximum annual appropriation of $150,000,000. His third bill, creating a federal employment agency, has not yet been reported. Despite the President's lamentable lack of leadership, the existing emergency is thus driving us slowly in the right direction, though nobody yet boldly advocates unemployment insurance, which of course is an essential of any thoroughgoing program under private industry.

INSTEAD OF THE $555,000 requested by President Hoover, Congress made a deficiency appropriation of only $195,000, it will be recalled, to stop the slow starvation of Indian children in reservation schools during the rest of the school year. The amount, though inadequate, will give some relief to the hungry children, but only if promptly used by the Indian Bureau. Next year's fight is now on in the Senate Appropriations Committee. In order to make possible the Hoover standard (surely a modest one) of 37.8 cents (against the 20 cents of the Burke-Meritt regime) per child per day for food and $42.20 per year for clothing, appropriations of $475,000 for food and $370,000 for clothing in excess of last year's allowances will be necessary. Certain Senators have given notice of their intention to fight, if need be, for these items. It is to be hoped that they will stand by their guns, and that they will have the unwavering support of the Indian Bureau against Representative Cramton if he attempts to continue longer the national disgrace of letting these children go naked and hungry.

CENSORSHIP IN MASSACHUSETTS is two words less absurd than it used to be. After a long fight certain citizens in the Bay State who feel strong enough to meet even a so-called dirty word without flinching have brought about an important change in the censorship law. That famous law, which has kept Massachusetts pure and the rest of the world amused, formerly condemned "a book . . . *containing* obscene, indecent, or impure language." It now condemns a book "which is obscene, indecent, or impure." The Citizens' Committee for the Revision of the Book Law tried to insert before the word "obscene" the words "considered as a whole," but were unsuccessful. Massachusetts still has many words to go before censorship will disappear completely from its borders, but at least we may hope to be spared in future the sorry spectacle of seeing such works as "An American Tragedy" and "Strange Interlude" barred from "the hub of the universe."

THE NEWS FROM HAITI is not wholly reassuring. An Associated Press dispatch of April 2 brought the welcome tidings that Dr. George Freeman, head of the Service Technique, whose tactlessness was the occasion of the December outbreak, had been recalled and expected to leave Haiti on April 10. The same dispatch, however, reported that the Nationalist group led by J. Jolibois, which stood with the others in support of the commission's plan, has now requested the withdrawal of General Russell at once and the immediate ending of the Occupation. President Borno, meanwhile, continues his efforts to dynamite the commission's work, and in consequence, the Associated Press reported on April 4, General Russell has issued an order that the President can send no telegraph messages except those that have been approved in writing by the High Commissioner—an interesting example of the actual location of power under the decree of martial law put into effect last January. Leaders of the patriotic group are reported, however, as believing that things are going well and that President Borno's efforts will fail. Nevertheless the situation needs close watching.

GANDHI HAS MADE SALT in India and by his act inaugurated the long-awaited campaign of civil disobedience. He set out from Ahmedabad on March 12 and after a march of 200 miles reached Dandi, a small town on the Gulf of Cambay. Early on April 6, almost eleven years after the massacre at Amritsar, Gandhi waded into the sea and filled an earthen jug with sea water to be heated for the manufacture of salt. In challenging the government monopoly of salt Gandhi has chosen a simple and clear-cut issue. A tax on salt is indefensible in any case since it works a greater hardship on the poor than on any other class. In India, where according to one estimate the number of persons living below the margin of subsistence is never less than 40,000,000, the situation is further aggravated politically by the fact that soon after the war the government of India, in order to prevent a deficit in the budget, doubled the salt tax by fiat after the Legislative Assembly had voted against such action. So far the government has refrained from arresting Gandhi, though it has arrested many of his associates and even his son. But the news from India, which has increased greatly in volume, is filled with riots and rumors of riots. In the past, reports from India have too often been unsatisfactory both as to reliability and as to emphasis. In the present crisis some of the dispatches seem to reflect the political sympathies of the reporters. Never was there greater need of unprejudiced reporting.

ANOTHER INDEPENDENT WEEKLY, the *Irish Statesman*, has succumbed to financial difficulties and changing taste. Founded in 1923 largely with the aid of American friends of Sir Horace Plunkett, it traveled from the first a hard financial road, until at last a costly libel suit and the loss of subscribers through its stalwart opposition to a censorship bill ended its career. While it lasted it was easily the most distinguished organ of free and enlightened opinion that Ireland possessed. For that its brilliant editor, George Russell (Æ), was chiefly responsible. Russell made the *Irish Statesman* not only the organ of a cooperative movement which revolutionized the Irish dairy industry, but also the friend and exponent of the school of

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Irish writers which numbers W. B. Yeats and J. M. Synge among its distinguished names. He was too reasonable, however, to be a partisan, and while he gave his powerful support to the treaty which ushered in the Irish Free State, it was always for a large and generous attitude toward politics that he pleaded. Something of jealousy of his intellectual distinction, his moderation, and his fame undoubtedly showed itself as time went on and a younger group of writers, artists, and men of affairs forged to the front.

THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS worth of hate is for sale cheap in London. J. Hartley Manners, English playwright, who died a year ago, bequeathed $3,000 to the Royal General Theatrical Fund of London on condition that two of his plays, both of them violently anti-German, should be given annually for at least six years at benefit performances in the Drury Lane Theater. According to his own words, the bequest was made in order that "the remembrance of the atrocities committed by the Germans on the English people be kept alive at least for that period." We are glad to record that the Royal General Fund has turned down the offer. An English ship captain who died recently provided that all his savings be used for the benefit of German sailors; the German author of the "Hymn of Hate" has regretted his words publicly; a British naval officer not long ago received cordially in England the U-boat commander who had torpedoed his ship and gallantly rescued him and his crew; German students may once more study at Oxford as Rhodes scholars; the common soldiers who fought each other have compared notes and found out that war is one part insanity and three parts mud and terror. The persistent malice of Manners's bequest, made eleven years after 1918, is equaled only by Whitney Warren with his insistence on an angry inscription at Louvain.

COSIMA WAGNER GONE? It is true that for years Bayreuth has no longer known her dominating personality, yet that determined figure seems indissolubly connected with the great music festival which she and her husband founded in the days when the world was still skeptical of the "Master." To Richard Wagner she went from her husband Hans von Bülow, just as her mother had left the Count D'Agoult for Franz Liszt. The latter's daughter could hardly be less than musical and a strong character. In and out of wedlock she was an able wife for Wagner. She even bore with adequate composure his biting sneers at her father, whom he once accused of "rendering service only in fingering for piano-playing." When Wagner died she entirely dominated the scene, pushing her musically untrained and ungifted son Siegfried to the front and insisting so strongly upon all her rights and royalties as to earn an unenviable name abroad. Yet as late as 1896 Bayreuth barely covered its expenses. Especially in connection with "Parsifal" was malign influence attributed to her. As Lilli Lehmann recorded in her memoirs, Cosima Wagner herself laid violent hands upon "Parsifal" in 1883, entirely changing it, and thereafter "depended solely on her own wishes and taste." Often her interference and her personal "breaking-in" of great and experienced artists drove them to despair or flight. Yet when all is said and done people might dislike but finally they came to respect the daughter of a great talent and the wife of a genius.

Conscription

ON April 1 the House of Representatives resolved itself into Committee of the Whole to consider the conscription of men and money in war time. This is merely another milestone in the ten-year-old argument that has been occupying the Committee on Military Affairs and the American Legion and plaguing those members of the citizenry who oppose conscription by whatever name it is called. The resolution in question the other day was one introduced by Representative Snell providing for the creation of a commission to "study and consider the feasibility of equalizing the burdens and to minimize the profits of war, together with a study of policies to be pursued in event of war, so as to empower the President immediately to mobilize all the resources of the country." With several minor amendments and one very important one, the resolution passed.

Proponents of the measure divided themselves into two camps: those who said the resolution would eliminate that naughty and unpopular fellow, the war-profiteer, and those who said it was perfectly meaningless and harmless and therefore they proposed to vote for it. Those who opposed it pointed out that whereas the alleged purpose of the measure was to provide some means for placing the burdens of war upon capital as well as labor, actually it did nothing of the kind. The Constitution of the United States provides that the government may not confiscate property without just compensation. Therefore the idea of conscripting capital in war time—without, of course, compensation—is clearly unconstitutional. The burden of conscription would, accordingly, fall upon labor, and capital would be left to its own devices. At this point in the discussion Representative Huddleston of Alabama introduced his important amendment to the bill, which was passed by only 123 votes to 120. The amendment provided that the commission "shall not consider and shall not report upon the conscription of labor."

Debate on the resolution provided some very elegant Congressional oratory. Gentlemen who frankly looked forward to the next war and wished to prepare for it gave place to gentlemen who remembered that there was in existence a Kellogg pact to outlaw war; gentlemen who talked vaguely about conscripting capital were reminded not only that capital cannot, by the Constitution, be conscripted, but that capital has a way of protecting itself in emergencies of this sort, mainly at the expense of labor. On the whole the discussion was highly illuminating. It disclosed that there were men in the House willing to consider favorably the idea, as Mr. Huddleston said, of permitting the government to seize "upon a workingman whether a farmer or a mechanic or whatever he may be" and put him to work for a private industry at a soldier's pay so that the owner of the industry might make a profit out of his labor. But others vigorously opposed so thoroughly un-American a procedure. It is evident that a body of opposition to a conscription law exists and will be heard. The resolution, as amended to exclude labor, is meaningless. But let no one suppose that therefore the idea of universal conscription of men, if not actually of money, is dead and need not be guarded against. Loose talk about prohibiting war profits must not be allowed to confuse the issue. Conscription is still a menace.

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The Power Trust and the Indians

THE best site in the United States for the production of cheap power in large quantities is about to fall into the capacious maw of the power trust. As the Senate passes the Norris bill for public operation of the Muscle Shoals plant, which with auxiliary steam can produce some 450,000 horse-power, the Federal Power Commission is on the point of handing over to the Rocky Mountain Power Company the five great sites on the Flathead River, in western Montana, where it is possible to develop 214,000 units of primary power without auxiliary plant of any kind. The circumstances of the proposed lease, unhappily shrouded in secrecy, demand the most rigid scrutiny; and President Hoover, Secretary Wilbur, Commissioner Rhoads of the Indian Bureau, and Assistant Commissioner Scattergood, if they are to safeguard their own reputations as capable public servants, must act with the greatest care.

Owing to particularly favorable natural conditions, notably natural storage and uniform flow, the Flathead sites, the third-largest water power in the United States, which are owned by the Flathead Indians, offer extraordinary opportunities for cheap power provided a near-by market can be developed. Site Number 1 controls the flow at the lower sites; all five must be leased and operated as a unit. There are two bidders. One is the Rocky Mountain Power Company, a subsidiary of the Montana Power Company, controlled by the great Electric Bond and Share Company and intimately related to that Montana giant, the Anaconda Copper Company. The other is Walter H. Wheeler, a Minneapolis engineer whose financial support is not a matter of public record. Mr. Wheeler proposes to use all five sites provided he can develop a market, as he is confident he can, thus producing 214,000 horse-power and paying the Indians $1.12½ per horse-power, or $240,750 a year. The Rocky Mountain Power Company proposes to develop only site Number 1 and that only to the extent of about two-thirds its capacity, or 68,000 horse-power, for which it will pay $1 per horse-power, or $68,000 a year, a little more than one-fourth of the Wheeler offer. Assistant Commissioner Scattergood has declared that neither bid represents by any means the full value of the power. Mr. Wheeler professes his ability, if granted a permit, to secure contracts for the industrial use in the immediate vicinity of the plant of power which he proposes to sell at $15 per horse-power per year, the lowest rate in the United States, thus bringing about the development of a great electro-metallurgical and fertilizer industry for which he declares great stores of material are readily available in the adjoining section of Montana. The Rocky Mountain Power Company, that is, the Montana Power Company, on the other hand, proposes to transmit the power 140 miles to Anaconda, where it will be merged into its general power system. Company officials express a doubt whether they will develop more than site Number 1, as they have sources other than Flathead more advantageously located with reference to their existing system. In fact, they now have 200,000 undeveloped horse-power in reserve, enough to take care of the increase of consumption at the present rate for the next twenty years. Under these conditions it is charged, with great show of reason, that the real purpose of the power company is to get hold of the Flathead sites, thus preventing competition with its own system and especially preventing the development of an electro-metallurgical and chemical industry that will compete with the Anaconda.

There is no space to go into the history of the negotiations leading to the present situation, in which the Federal Power Commission, without any adequate public explanation, proposes to award an enormously valuable lease, not to the highest but to the lowest bidder, on terms that appear no less than downright spoliation of the Indians who own the sites. The power company, by the use of funds which it proposes to charge to the development cost of the project, with the active aid of Superintendent Coe of the Flathead agency organized a so-called Flathead Indian Association, a group of 20 Indians out of 3,000, which in opposition to the authorized tribal council urges the acceptance of the power-company bid. This association has been defended by Representative Cramton on the floor of the House. Assistant Commissioner Scattergood began in November with a brilliant defense of the rights of the Indians. His later course has been hard to understand, and his present position is by no means wholly clear to the public. Mr. F. E. Bonner, executive secretary of the Federal Power Commission, is charged with having prejudged the case on an incorrect statement of fact.

We make no suggestion of corrupt motives against any of the actors in this remarkable drama. We do not urge acceptance of the Wheeler bid; we feel strongly that there is much in the situation that needs clarification, and that under the present circumstances no permit should be granted to anyone. There is no reason whatever for haste and every reason for deliberate procedure. The President of the United States favors the development of our water power by private enterprise; he must therefore guard himself against every suggestion of favoritism to the huge financial interests that stand to profit by his policies. His Secretary of the Interior should be on the alert to protect him. If there are adequate reasons for the lease, which on its face appears thoroughly indefensible, surely they can be made clear to that great body of citizens like ourselves whose only interest is the welfare of the Indians and the public. Unless and until those reasons are made clear neither President Hoover, who is fundamentally responsible, nor Secretary Wilbur, who is his active agent, nor Commissioners Rhoads and Scattergood, who are the guardians of Indian rights, nor the Montana delegation in House and Senate, who will bear a heavy responsibility for what is done, nor the Montana Power Company itself can afford to incur the risk of odium that will attend the making of this lease today. Why does not Mr. Wilbur forthwith rid the Power Commission of that incubus Secretary Bonner, and send him back to the power companies who recommended him? Failing that, let some Senator come forward and sponsor the Kvale resolution postponing the making of any lease at all until it can be done by a reorganized power commission in whose knowledge and purpose there can be unqualified public confidence. And let Congress pass the resolution without delay.

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The Palestine Report

BRITISH royal commissions rarely make reports that satisfy everybody, and there should be no surprise that the report of the Shaw Commission on the disturbances last August in Palestine evokes some hostile comments from Zionists. Judging from the summary of the report which has been cabled to this country, the commission has taken much pains in collecting evidence, and in apportioning responsibility has made every effort to be fair.

The primary cause of the August outbreak, as the commission sees it, is in "the Arab feeling of animosity and hostility toward the Jews, consequent upon the disappointment of their political and national aspirations and fear for their economic future." The Arabs cherish the twofold fear "that by Jewish immigration and land purchase they may be deprived of their livelihood and in time pass under the political domination of the Jews." The particular incident that led to the outbreak was the Jewish demonstration at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem on August 15, but to this are to be added, as inciting influences, the activities of rival societies, "exciting and intemperate articles" in Arabic and Hebrew newspapers and in a Jewish paper published at London, propaganda among the less-educated Arabs, inadequate forces of military and police, and apprehension of political influences in the decisions of the Palestine government. Fundamentally, however, the difficulty appears to be economic and political rather than racial or religious.

To meet the economic difficulty, the report urges a restriction of Jewish immigration to a point which shall accord with "the economic capacity of Palestine to absorb new arrivals," and the development, with the aid of scientific inquiry, of better agricultural methods so as to provide for a larger population. In spite of ordinances intended to protect small landowners, large sales of land between 1921 and 1929 have left many Arabs without land and with no alternative lands available. "No criticism," the report declares, "can be levied against the Jewish land companies in respect to these transactions," but the practical effect has been to create "a landless and discontented class" which constitutes "a potential danger to the country."

Politically, the difficulties in the situation have to do with the desire of the Arabs for self-government and the policy of Great Britain as a mandatory Power. The commission regrets that the Arab leaders did not accept the offer of a legislative council made in 1922, but it recognizes that the Arabs "are united in a demand for a measure of self-government" and that resentment over continued failure "is greatly aggravating the difficulties of local administration." As for Great Britain, the report stresses the importance of a clear statement, to be issued "with the least possible delay," of the policy which the British government proposes to pursue in Palestine, particularly in regard to the provisions of the mandate safeguarding the rights of non-Jewish communities. Such a statement appears to be forecast in the declaration of Prime Minister MacDonald in the House of Commons, on April 3, that it is "the firm resolve" of the British government to "do equal justice to all sections of the population of Palestine," and that to the discharge of that duty "it will apply all the resources at its command."

Virtue in Cans

MR. WILL HAYS, Moses of the Movies, has gone his illustrious prototype several better, for he has just descended from his own particular Sinai (located at 469 Fifth Avenue) with no less than twenty-one commandments intended for the guidance of the Children of Hollywood. Among other things the new code provides:

1. That crimes against law shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against law and justice. (Note. Law and justice are assumed to be inevitably the same. The Boston Tea Party is ruled out.)
2. Revenge in modern times shall not be justified as a motive. (Note. "Modern times" probably lets "Hamlet" in.)
3. The use of liquor in American life shall be restricted to the actual requirements of characterization or plot. (Note. Whatever that may mean.)
4. Scenes of passion shall not be introduced when not essential to the plot. (Note. Whatever that may mean.)
5. Ministers of religion in their character of ministers of religion shall not be used as comic characters or as villains. (Note. The New Art of the Movies being what it is, it is obviously inadvisable to suggest that there may be such a thing as hypocrisy. Those who pretend to be good are good.)
6. The history, institutions, prominent people, and citizenry of other nations shall be represented fairly. (Note. We sell our films almost everywhere. Bolsheviks need not be considered as "people." In case of war all citizens of the enemy country automatically become villains and sadists.)

Mr. Hays is so transparently simple-minded that it is hardly worth while to accuse him of deliberately using virtue for commercial purposes, but whether he happens to be in on the game or merely a tool in the hands of others the fact remains that he always manages to strike the proper attitude —the one, that is to say, which surrenders every right to every sincerity while promising to respect all the prejudices of every convention. Some years ago the industry discovered that suggestiveness and sensation were necessary to its profits but that truth and consistency were not. Accordingly it invented the perfect formula—five reels of transgression followed by one reel of retribution; it hired Mr. Hays to consecrate that formula; and Mr. Hays has been busy at his task ever since. Obviously it is now the job of the directors to stay within the letter of his law without ceasing to be as lurid, as salacious, and as tawdry as the audience demands. And to judge by their achievements of the past there is little reason to doubt that they will succeed magnificently.

We are willing to leave aside all questions of art and its duty to comment upon life as the artist sees it. We should, however, like to point to the results already achieved by Mr. Hays's method. He has proposed above all to keep the movies sexually clean, and yet there was never any form of artistic expression which was so completely drenched with sex. The suggestion of everything which he has attempted to suppress has diffused itself through every scene, and the mind of the audience is encouraged to play about every idea that cannot be stated. Perhaps if an occasional film "justified adultery" or admitted that otherwise respectable girls sometimes have illegitimate children it would not be necessary for every film to deal with seduction arrested at the bedside.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

NOBODY can touch unemployment in any of its phases without finding that there is one step in government ownership which should be taken as soon as possible. There should be no such thing as a private employment agency. To a certain extent I am waiving the fact that some of them are dishonest. I refer chiefly to those handling unskilled labor and supplying men for railroad construction gangs and similar enterprises. The crooked ones are probably in a great minority, but I have heard a sufficient number of stories to be convinced that certain agencies are active in fomenting a labor turnover.

But with the best intentions in the world and the highest degree of efficiency, it seems to me that unemployment affects the life of the nation so directly that the nation cannot afford to neglect making this its own private and exclusive business. There are plenty of voters still who do not favor municipal ownership of public utilities. However, we have gone past the day in which it was the custom to scream "Communism" at the suggestion of a city-operated subway. If it is considered rational for the city to move the workers from their homes to their jobs it seems to me wholly logical that this same city should manifest a concern about finding a job for the individual to be transported.

Moreover, the matter of unemployment falls not unreadily under the scope of public health. It is not fantastic to contend that poverty is a disease and far more catching than smallpox. It seems to me just as useful to send city employment agents to the bread line as to rush doctors with vaccine to a stricken tenement. Most of my information comes from Mr. William Ross, with whom I have been working in a study of a single New York City bread line—that maintained by contributions to the Little Church Around the Corner, of which Dr. Randolph Ray is rector. This seems to be one of the few churches in the city which have really taken any very active interest in working to alleviate the conditions caused by unemployment. The various ministers who were extremely busy in urging on recruiting in the last war have been singularly silent in the matter of calling the community to the hiring line.

Mr. Ross, who was an organizer in the American Federation of Labor strike in Marion, North Carolina, has made inquiries among the bread liners as to their political philosophy. He is shocked to find that for the most part they have none. Even the seasonal workers, whose plight seems palpably the product of a vicious and inefficient system, have no complaint to make. "Bad breaks" suffices to comfort the ego of most of them even though it cannot feed and clothe them.

Until I talked with jobless men I never realized how thoroughly America has been sold on the theory that there is a direct boulevard even from the bottom to the very top of the economic heap. All but the oldest men in the job line are hopeful. They have had bad luck for a few months, or a year, but the turn may come at any moment. It's all part of a game which they accept without much resentment. Of course the line is filled with unfounded legends as to the antecedents of some of the liners. I was told in all seriousness that doctors and lawyers were waiting for the daily dole and that one of the men in the ranks had been a millionaire in the long ago. For these stories I could find no confirmation.

Of course some of the unemployed are a little cautious when anybody talks to them about communism. They have a feeling that possibly it is an effort to pin something on them. Yet even when their confidence is gained they manifest no knowledge of any of the left-wing movements and very little interest. One did state that he felt the Communists were right in a few things but much too radical. Good old standpat Republicanism does not by any means disappear at the first pinch of adversity. One old gentleman without a shirt to his name was very stuffy in his attitude toward trade unions and the reds. He never did quite say, "If they don't like it here why don't they go back where they came from?" but it was not far from the tip of his tongue.

Yet on the whole one finds small trace of acute class consciousness of any sort in the line. Very hungry and dispirited men seem poor tinder for the revolutionary urge. Still, one can't escape the feeling that the Communists are doing a rotten poor job in propagandizing the unemployed. I rather think that their violence on irrelevant subjects is to some extent a defensive mechanism to cover up inefficiency. Thus I read in *Revolutionary Age,* Mr. Lovestone's organ: "It is entirely natural that of all the New York papers Heywood Broun's liberal New York *Telegram* should be the loudest and most virulent in the demand that the arrested Communists should be railroaded to jail with the speed of the most powerful locomotive. This is the role of liberalism in a show-down. The Brouns and their philosophies are only symbols of capitalist decay and degeneracy. Let the workers be on guard . . . especially against their soft, sweet, 'clever' words, which are only a mask for capitalist brutality!"

Aside from the fact that none of that is true it all seems a singularly trite theme. I'll give a silver dime to each and every Communist faction in New York, no matter what it costs me, if anybody can prove that I ever urged railroading Communists to jail. Of course it isn't my *Telegram.* That's a Communist gift. And the *Telegram* has not been in any sense a red-baiter. But if the charge against me were true I think it would be singularly small matter from the point of view of anybody intent upon world revolution.

Here in America communism lies in sterile hands. Aside from Michael Gold and Max Eastman, I don't know anybody connected with any of the various warring groups with a capacity for writing forceful and simple English. Communism has not been able to adapt itself to the vernacular of the masses. I watched handbills being sent along the bread line in which unfortunate, hungry, and unskilled workers were asked to disarm "the fascisti of the bosses." Nobody in that line could have disarmed a fascist because there was no one whom I saw who even knew what the word meant. The revolution stands in bitter need of a red Ring Lardner.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The Press Today

I. The Associated Press*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

NO more than a river can the stream of news rise higher than its source. For the Associated Press the sources within the United States are its members, except where it has established its own bureaus in the leading cities with special reporting staffs. Thus in all places where it cannot maintain its own correspondents it calls upon each member newspaper for all the local news which that member has gathered. The member cannot sell that news to other news services, and must hold itself in readiness to supply as much or as little news of a given event in its territory as the Associated Press may desire. Each member must print on its masthead in its every issue this legend: "The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news of spontaneous origin published herein." The stream of the Associated Press's news must, therefore, reflect the intelligence, the taste, the integrity, the news and business standards of its members—it cannot rise any higher. If its standards have sunk seriously in the last thirty years, this is in response to the changing methods and ethics of its 1,250 members. Its best feature is that it is not a money-making concern, but a co-operative, non-profit-making organization, incorporated as a membership society under the laws of New York State. But its strength is its great weakness as we shall see, for the fact that it is a cooperative organization puts it at the mercy of the mass psychology of its members.

A member can be admitted only by a vote of the directors, who do not confer a franchise, as is so commonly believed, but merely elect the new member to receive that form of service which, in accordance with his means, he seeks to obtain. Thus, the daily news report varies from a few hundred words for the smallest members to 75,000 words in the larger centers. In a single normal week recently the news report amounted to 2,562,715 words, excluding the figures of bond- and stock-market prices. To collect and distribute this news—at a cost in 1929 of about $10,000,000—the Associated Press has no less than 3,300 employees. If the staffs of the Associated Press newspapers should be counted in, the association could legitimately claim that about 80,000 persons were gathering its news every day of the year, every hour in the twenty-four. Plainly it has become one of the most powerful engines for the creation of public opinion in the world. Together with its rivals, the United Press and the International News, or Hearst Service, it supplies all the newspapers of the country. Its standards, its integrity, its leadership, its attitude toward the great political and economic issues of the day become, therefore, of the utmost importance to everyone who believes that the safety of American institutions depends upon there being a correctly informed and intelligent electorate. If the service is biased or unfair it is obvious that tremendous damage can be done. As it is, the very fact that in the smaller cities and the rural districts it must rely upon its members for accounts of local happenings, places it at the mercy of their reporting.

Thus, if there are labor troubles in Pennsylvania or in the Southern States, the news is affected by the bias of the local Associated Press dailies, unless the issue becomes one of such magnitude that a special correspondent is sent to the scene; even he will have to rely upon member help if there is a large territory to be covered. Since the newspapers of the great industrial towns of Pennsylvania are usually controlled, directly or indirectly, through advertising or ownership, by the large capitalists, it is obvious that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred their reports will represent the view of the employing class, just as, if there were a group of labor dailies in the Associated Press in a given territory, its news from that section would inevitably reflect the labor point of view. To illustrate: In the steel strike of 1919 the press of Pittsburgh sided entirely with the employers; scarcely a reference to the strikers' actual demands can be found in the columns of the five newspapers that were the Pittsburgh members of the Associated Press during the strike period. Their whole stress was upon the pestiferous foreign laborer and radicalism, with frequent charges of bolshevism. Actually in *only one issue* out of four hundred did an article appear which described the scandalous violations of American liberties and of the federal Constitution by local authorities, and the arrest of many men merely for daring to exercise that right to free assembly guaranteed by the Constitution. Naturally the public, either in or out of Pittsburgh, got little or no impression of this, despite the fact that the Associated Press had its own Pittsburgh bureau. Out of fifty-six clergymen in the city at that time, forty-four went on record as declaring that the newspapers were unfair to the strikers. But if anyone should allege that the Associated Press deliberately lent itself to any suppression of news, or misrepresentations during this strike, he would make a false statement. I believe that its highest officials were not conscious at that time of the character of the service they were rendering. It is, I repeat, a question of the news stream not rising higher than its source. The misfortune remains that in labor matters the Associated Press is too often dominated by the class tendency of its members.

Take another case: In the South there are no daily papers owned and operated by colored men, or any colored reporters employed by any daily or by any news service. All the news which gets out of the South comes from white reporters who record occurrences involving race friction with the bias of their race. Being a white man, the reporter of a lynching or the like must inevitably side with his crowd, for he would lose his job if he did not. The Negroes assert with reason that many injustices and many terrible events are often suppressed. They declare that nearly 9,000,000

* This is the first of two articles on the Associated Press in a series of articles on the American press. The second will appear in our next issue.—Editor The Nation.

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blacks living in the South have no means of getting unbiased news to the American people, save through their own little-read papers North and South. The only Negro, they declare, who can reach the first page of the great dailies is the Negro criminal; if there is occasional recognition of a great Negro musician or scientist, it is usually with surpassing condescension, as one admires a reading horse or a trained seal. There are exceptions, of course, for there are editors like Gonzales in South Carolina, Breckinridge of Lexington, Kentucky, until lately Julian and Julia Harris in Columbus, Georgia, and a number of others who seek to do justice to every man irrespective of color; but the facts in general are as stated. If anyone doubts this I can supply him with an Associated Press report of the murder of some Negroes whose sole crime was that they tried to vote in Florida. Its local correspondent failed to inform it that men, women, and children were *burned alive* in this election trouble—a crime as horrible as was ever reported out of revolutionary Russia. It never carried this news. Again, the Associated Press was the medium of wholesale lying and crass misrepresentation in reporting some race troubles in Phillips County, Arkansas, which it portrayed to the American people as a "Negro rebellion," "of more than a local nature, possibly planned for the entire South." The simple truth was that a group of white men attacked a meeting of colored tenant farmers held under the guidance of a white attorney to formulate the innocent demand that they receive written settlements of their accounts from their white landlords. This was all there was to the Associated Press's rebellion—the facts being all established later before the Supreme Court of the United States. The Associated Press, however, never apologized for the wrong it had done, or rectified its error.

I desire here, however, to stress that there are real and legitimate difficulties in the way of the Associated Press's reporting the troubles of the disfranchised and the disadvantaged. Its proper aim is to present actual news of events, not essays on given problems or situations. Hence, in cases like the recent strikes in North Carolina and Tennessee it carries only the dramatic event, such as a murder, or a "battle" between police and strikers, or the evidence in a sensational trial. It makes no effort to portray the actual condition in such social dramas. The public does not know that at Marion, North Carolina, at this writing, a thousand American-born workers and their children are living in tents and being maintained by philanthropy because they dared to strike against intolerable living conditions. The average laboring man who believes that our entire press is "kept," and its news services likewise, does not understand the technique of news reporting, or realize that no member of the Associated Press is compelled to print all or any part of the news furnished to it. It is a fact that the Associated Press is frequently blamed for its apparent failure to wire news which it actually did furnish, but which the recipient discarded. No reader can, therefore, be certain that a charge of suppression or omission lies against the Associated Press until he has seen what the service originally contained.

Finally, it must be remembered that those who are deeply engaged in causes are frequently the last ones able to gauge correctly the treatment they are receiving in the press. This applies just as much to those on the side of the larger battalions as to those who are battling for forlorn hopes or radical reforms. An interesting anecdote of the late President Taft is in place here. During the Pinchot-Ballinger controversy which ended so disastrously for him, Mr. Taft received many complaints from friends throughout the country that the Associated Press was not adequately reporting the Ballinger side of the case. To the head of the Washington bureau, John P. Gavit, Mr. Taft presented a pile of protests. But Mr. Gavit, being forewarned, had brought with him a similar pile of complaints from Mr. Pinchot and his friends. When the President had perused these he turned to Mr. Gavit in his kindly, good-natured way and said, "Well, if you are being scolded by both sides like that you must be about right in your reporting." The Associated Press has often felt reassured when it has been abused by both sides to a quarrel.

The most striking example, in the writer's own knowledge, of this is worth recording because of the light it throws upon the difficulties even an ideal news service would encounter. The Standard Oil case of 1908 attracted national attention. One of the foremost attorneys for the government, Mr. Frank B. Kellogg, subsequently United States Senator from Minnesota, Ambassador to Great Britain, and Secretary of State, wrote the following letter on October 29, 1908, to Mr. George Thompson of the St. Paul *Dispatch:*

> I am very busy these days taking testimony in the Standard Oil case. *Your friend Melville E. Stone is controlled absolutely by the Standard Oil people.* He will not, of course, send out any reports of the testimony that he is not obliged to, at least that is my opinion from all I have seen. I told Don Seitz of the *World,* and Hamlin of the *Tribune,* and the man on the *Times,* and they have had special men at the trial, and as you will see from the inclosed clippings they have published some of the testimony I have been bringing out. But from Chicago not a word came out against the Standard Oil. It is astonishing that that concern can control the Associated Press.

The writer of this article was chairman of a special committee of the Associated Press appointed to investigate this and other charges. It reported upon Mr. Kellogg's allegation by saying that "your committee is convinced that whatever the individual faults of reporting may have been or whatever attempts were made to color the reports nothing was carried during this long hearing which violated the integrity of the A.P. service." Mr. Kellogg was immediately compelled to retract his baseless charge against Mr. Stone under threat of suit for libel.

This case is illuminating also because it exemplifies the enormous difficulty of reporting which often confronts a news-gathering agency. There were ninety-five hearings in New York City alone, some interesting, many dull, tiresome, and extremely technical. It was a most difficult legal battle to record; a trained legal mind would often have found itself at a loss to report adequately to the public just what was going on. Not only are such cases peculiarly open to misunderstanding by partisans of either side, but they are frequently seriously affected by the headline writers, who often give a color and slant to the whole story which does the Associated Press great harm. The only wrongdoing brought out by the investigating committee in this case was that of a member of the Associated Press. Himself in the train of Standard Oil, he gave $300 to a reporter of the New York City News Association (an organization which has no connection with the Associated Press, but which is frequently

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confused with it), not, as he said, to corrupt the news, but to insure accuracy in reporting and justice for the Standard Oil.

That this man should promptly have been expelled from the Associated Press goes without saying. Indeed, its failure to discipline its members, or to set up any ethical standards to which they should conform, is one of its greatest weaknesses; here again the cooperative form of the society and the low moral standards of the entire press intervene, precisely as they did in the later case of William Randolph Hearst. For years the Associated Press carried on an action against Mr. Hearst because he had been guilty of "improper and unconscionable use of the memberships held in the complainant by representatives of the New York *American,* the San Francisco *Examiner,* and the Los Angeles *Examiner.*" It would be impossible to frame a more complete indictment of a man than the Associated Press's portrayal of Mr. Hearst as a violator of its own by-laws and as a thief of its news, which he stole by fair means and foul. Yet when the Associated Press's contention was upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States in a decision of far-reaching importance, establishing as it did a vital principle, namely, the right to ownership of news created by an individual or an agency, the Board of Directors lacked either the moral or business courage to rid their service of the Hearst connection.

Indubitably, no press association anywhere else undertakes to censor the journalistic morals of its patrons. But the Associated Press does impose certain standards of conduct upon its members besides refusing to permit them to sell the news delivered to them, or the local news which they originate. Thus, they are held rigidly responsible for releasing advance matter at the proper time, and are fined for any violations of instructions. They may be suspended or expelled for violation of the by-laws, though the latter step may be taken only after it is approved by four-fifths of the membership. Moreover, the Associated Press does not hesitate to punish its critics among its members. Thus, it fined the editor of the Philadelphia *North American* $300 for saying that an Associated Press cablegram had in all probability been written "in New York or Washington, and never was near an ocean cable." Later the Lancaster *Intelligencer* was made to apologize for the heinous offense of falsely charging that the Associated Press was "scooped" by another news service. If it can set up regulations and standards of conduct in cases like these it certainly seems incomprehensible that the Associated Press should have permitted a man to remain a member who had struck at its very integrity and had not hesitated at the use of any means to gain his end. It is the simple truth that a small newspaper doing these things would have been expelled; the Associated Press was afraid of Mr. Hearst's power, and the growing number of newspapers brought into his chain of dailies.

Here, again, we have an example of an inherent weakness due to the cooperative character of the service. It is only fair to point out, however, that in the field of reporting of political events the fact that the membership comprises both Republican and Democratic newspapers has helped to make its officials hold the scales even. In the many years that I have been familiar with its work, it never did better reporting than in the last Presidential election when, as far as I can ascertain, it was scrupulously fair to the Socialist candidate, precisely as it reported the La Follette campaign with evident desire to do complete justice. When it comes to reporting happenings in Washington, and to its relations to the Government of the United States, there is a different story to tell. But here the explanation is not so much the cooperative character of the organization as the false philosophy of the two men who are today the powerful influences in the Associated Press, Adolph S. Ochs, its leading director, and Frank B. Noyes, its president. But this must be left to a subsequent article.

British Budget Problems

By JAMES DUNBAR

Edinburgh, March 25

AS the financial year draws to a close it becomes possible to estimate with a fair degree of accuracy the likely trend of Mr. Snowden's budget. The latest returns of revenue indicate that the deficit on this year's accounts will not be so heavy as was anticipated even a month ago; while on the other hand the publication of the estimates of expenditure for 1930 makes clear the exact amount of the increase over the estimates for the current year. Certain loud protests that have been made against higher taxation should be discounted at the outset. Organizations like the Federation of British Industries, the National Union of Manufacturers, and the Income Tax Payers' Society are all interested in reductions of direct taxation and they enter their warnings no matter which party holds the reins of government. Their protests this year may have been louder than usual; but that is to be attributed to the fear that the Labor Government intends to embark on costly social services. The Federation of British Industries, for example, issued recently a manifesto on taxation. Attention was drawn to the undoubted increase in unemployment and to the fall in prices during the past few months, and the assertion was made that "the limits of industry's taxable capacity have been reached."

It is necessary, however, to look at other objective facts than the figures of unemployment and prices. The statistics of income in the annual reports of the Inland Revenue show a different picture, and in relation to taxation are more accurate data to work upon than the data quoted by the federation. The following table shows for each year since 1923 the gross income from all sources, except weekly wages, which the Inland Revenue brought under review:

1923	£2,584	millions
1924	2,599	"
1925	2,669	"
1926	2,705	"
1927	2,704	"
1928	2,765	"

Throughout all these years there has been a great burden of unemployment and depression in the basic industries. Never-

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theless, as the table shows, the gross income was nearly £200 millions higher at the end of the six years; and indeed it was higher in 1923 than in 1920 when the post-war trade boom was at its height and there was practically no unemployment.

These protestations of the F.B.I. and kindred bodies are to be taken as no more than public attempts to intimidate the Chancellor. How much Mr. Snowden is susceptible to these blandishments is of course another matter. The Hague negotiations last year left Mr. Snowden with a world-wide reputation for stern, unbending will; and it can be taken for granted that if he wanted money badly enough he would shrink from no measure of new or additional taxation. He has often given in speech and writing the surest indications of where he will seek more money for the purposes of government. He accepts the media of income tax, supertax, and death duties, and he would add but one shot to his locker, namely, the taxation of land values. He would not add to the tax burdens of the man of moderate income but rather would lighten them. He would tax investment income more heavily and steepen the rates of supertax and death duties.

In a pamphlet he wrote at the time of the general election last year, Mr. Snowden dealt plainly with these matters. Referring to the supertax he pointed out that 98,000 persons in 1927 had incomes over £2,000 a year, to a total of £568 millions; and that the supertax paid amounted to £58 millions. "There is a little margin left there," wrote Mr. Snowden, "for meeting the cost of some of the Labor Party's social schemes." Again, on the subject of the death duties, Mr. Snowden wrote that in 1927 estates valued at £511 millions paid duties amounting to £77 millions, and added, "There is scope there for some addition to the duties without reducing the heirs to a state of starvation." Since the war both Sir Austen Chamberlain and Mr. Churchill have increased the death duties, adding between them over £20 millions a year to the revenue. On the taxation of land values Mr. Snowden was more definite. He put the capital value of the land of Great Britain at £5,000 millions, and stated that "a tax of 3d. in the pound on that value would bring in a revenue of over £60 millions a year."

From these three sources Mr. Snowden would not find it difficult to get as much as £100 millions if he required it. Perhaps the F.B.I. believes that the Chancellor is going to seek such a sum this year. If they do they are very much mistaken. At The Hague Mr. Snowden made a determined stand for an extra £2 millions a year in Britain's share of reparations; and since he returned he has devoted a similar determination behind the scenes to the task of keeping down expenditure. There have been two main instances of that. The act extending the widows'-pensions scheme is not nearly so comprehensive as the previous declarations of the Labor Party foreshadowed. And the same can be said of the Unemployment Insurance Act. On both these measures the left wing of the party, led by Mr. Maxton, put up a strenuous fight for greater benefits than the government proposed. There were revolts and even talk of the expulsion of Mr. Maxton and his associates from the party. The important point here is that the rebels were met always with the same answer: the government cannot afford the money. Mr. Snowden's determination has won and the extent of his success is revealed in the recently published estimates of expenditure for the financial year 1930-31. Increases are recorded to the extent of £20 millions on certain social services; war pensions and some other accounts show a decrease of £4 millions, and there is a like decrease in the estimates for the navy, army, and air force combined. The net result then is that for social and defense services Mr. Snowden has been able to limit expenditure to an increase of £12 millions over the revised estimates for 1929.

There is no doubt that Mr. Snowden has been keeping the rein on expenditure for a very definite purpose which can be guessed. It is not that he desires to produce a popular budget. In 1924 he was fortunate enough to inherit a surplus of £48 millions from his predecessor and became doubly popular by giving relief from indirect taxes and imposing no new taxes. He may have disturbing recollections of that former budget, but today his mind is bent on a vastly different project. He has already paid much attention to the conversion of debt on favorable terms, and in the past few years Mr. Churchill has given him a great deal of worry over the sinking fund. On these points Mr. Snowden's mind is well known: he wants to strike at the huge burden of national debt, to provide an adequate and even increasing sinking fund, and thereby to reduce the enormous bill of £300 millions a year for interest.

Mr. Snowden's preoccupation with that problem was evident in 1924 when he appointed the Colwyn Committee to inquire and report upon the national debt and existing taxation. The committee, reporting in 1926, recommended that the sinking fund should be increased to £75 millions within five years, if necessary by additional taxation, and to £100 millions within a further seven to ten years. Unfortunately for these recommendations Mr. Churchill's dealings with the sinking fund in the past five years were most unsatisfactory; and for the current year the best he could do was to provide for £50 millions. It is certain that that sum is not enough for Mr. Snowden, and it may well happen that he will increase it to £62½ millions this year and then next year to the £75 millions of the Colwyn Committee.

For the past few months the Chancellor has been much baited in the House of Commons on the McKenna duties on motor cars and the safeguarding duties on lace, buttons, and a half-dozen other articles. He has persistently refused to declare his intentions on these duties. Deeply pledged to abolish them, he is, however, faced with a double problem in dealing with them at the present time. The unemployment figures mount up, and supporters of safeguarding keep repeating that to abolish the duties is to aggravate unemployment still further. More important, from the Chancellor's standpoint, is the revenue from the duties, estimated to be £32½ millions for the current year. That is no mean sum; and with a deficit facing him, increased expenditure to meet, and the sinking fund to be raised to an adequate figure, Mr. Snowden can scarcely sacrifice £32½ millions of revenue.

There is one other contingency Mr. Snowden must have in mind. The doings of the government at home have caused profound disappointment among its supporters and in the country generally. Expectations were undoubtedly high and the performance has been meager. Mr. Snowden, therefore, if he can afford to do little this year in the way of social services or of remitting indirect taxes, will have to revive drooping hopes by budgeting for a surplus at the end of 1930. If the Government is to stand a chance of being returned to office, it must have much more on the books to its credit than there is at the present moment.

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Spring Book Section

The New Naturalism

By IRWIN EDMAN

THE new naturalism is as old at least as Lucretius, which is to say, as old as Democritus, or even older. Since labels are in order and to become a public possession an idea must first attach to itself an ism, a suffix, it is hereby proposed that naturalism be the name given to a point of view which, though it had its inception in the lucid and direct intelligence of the Greeks, has been forgotten enough in our time to have its mere revival regarded as a novelty.

It is here suggested, first, that it will provide that clarity and order in the search for which many of us are engaged among the confusions of our own day, and because of which we are ready to jump at the first shabby promise of a philosophy, even if that promise, in performance, turns out to be merely a flight to some alleged authority or decorum. It is here suggested that that clarity and integration can best be found not by fleeing nature or condemning it or bemoaning it, but (it is so simple, indeed, as to be almost banal) by starting with nature, by beginning, as somebody once said, with what we have and going on from where we are.

What have we then, and where are we, "in the middle of the road of our life," in terms which, granted the general intellectual setting of the twentieth century, we can with some degree of honesty accept? Well, whatever qualifications the new physics may have put into the twentieth-century version of nature, it is in a natural world that we have to conceive ourselves to be living, that is to say, a world with a structure that is, however complex in its details or in its operations, intelligible, a world whose general movement physics can describe and of which even the layman with a paucity of physics can discern the hang. It is a system if not with any purpose at least with an order. There are no miracles in it, unless its wonderful variety, scope, and possibilities continually mounting be themselves regarded as miracles. Its stellar infinity may be a theme for cosmic amazement; its complexity artfully studied may yield us marvels of comfort, luxury, swiftness, ease, and control. It is the setting, the theater, and the material of ourselves; our nature is part of it, though cosmically an accident, geographically and temporally an incident in it.

So far from regarding nature as something hostile or alien or absurd, as was the sentimental fashion of the nineteenth century, or such echoes of it as we find in Bertrand Russell or Aldous Huxley or Joseph Wood Krutch's "Modern Temper" in the twentieth, we are inclined to regard it as being, like Jehovah, *that* that it is. And what it is, is the matrix and material of all our ideals and the locus of all possible destinies. It is what we have, it is where we are. For this, too, is the modest recognition of the new naturalist, that the eyes with which he beholds nature are natural eyes, and that the mind with which he observes or condemns or in imagination transfigures nature is itself a movement in and a flowering of it. The spirit which others would have contend against the flesh is itself simply the expression, luminous and climactic, of animal life, the flesh become radiant and subtle and consciously alive. Not birth but death is a sleep and a forgetting, yet before that somnolent oblivion there is much that may be done, imagined, and remembered. The memory may be extended, through history, to the beginning of the race and before; the imagination may compass more than generations through doing may translate into existence.

The naturalist is aware of the tragic frustrations and corruptions of the spirit by the flesh, by society, and by the world. But he knows that spirit is only the flesh articulate; he knows that society nourishes it and that it can find its only employment somehow and somewhere in the world. He is, therefore, less ready than spirits less conscious of the soil which alone nurtures them to disparage the body, to cry down society, to say farewell to the world. He hesitates to set up a dualism between the flesh and the spirit, between man's higher and lower nature, because he knows how deep in the flesh lie the foundations of those altitudes the spirit sometimes touches. He does not flee to an ivory tower of saintliness or aestheticism, since he is too aware of how much the language of his hopes and aspirations comes from his fellows for whom he could develop a dainty or an unctuous contempt. Nor can he come to disdain or to distrust that earth out of the colors and forms of which he has built his most unearthly paradise. He knows he is but a nostalgic stranger in heaven; he may be an angel looking homeward, but clay is his body, men and women his companions, and earth his home.

It is because he recognizes himself as thus "umbilical to earth" that the naturalist seeks to discover the morals implicit in, rather than to impose a morality upon, the nature of which his animal body is the expression. He is inclined to feel the pulse-beat of vitality in forces and impulses in him from which a mind debauched by genteel conventions might flee in horror. He cannot see what there is horrible or shameful or disintegrating about sex. He can see rather what horrors, shames, and disintegrations may follow upon the attempt to hide, ignore, or repress that vital energy. He knows how much the golden thread of physical love qualifies much that seems to have a subtler texture. He knows how much that glamorous energy contributes to the beauty of the world and his passion for it. And by the same token he respects, as a force to be reckoned with and as a material to be made much of, any impulse or vitality that animates the animal frame of any human creature. He will think twice before condemning any of those great natural drives out of the simple homely elements of which the most spiritual enthusiasms are ultimately derived and complicated.

It would be a want of understanding to suppose that the naturalist would therefore counsel anarchy or caprice as the goal of life. Order will be to him, as to any soul at peace or in search of it, a desideratum, but the order will

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be that of a harmony, not that of a regiment. It will be dictated by the scope of a possible music, by the given elements in his frame and in his world; it will not be an order imposed by authority for its own sake nor restraint for the negative satisfaction of saying "No." The art of life is a possible art, he realizes, though a difficult one, since the elements in it are so mercurial, in an individual so often at war, and since the individual has not only himself to war with.

Toward that harmonizing of himself within himself and of the society of selves the naturalist will welcome with already justified hope, rather than condemn with traditional dismay, those sciences, young but auspicious, which teach him to recognize and deal with the forces and energies at large in his own psyche and in the society by which his own psyche is conditioned. That a body of knowledge and a technique as young as psychoanalysis should have generated much quackery and much nonsense, he will be well aware. But he will respect its already demonstrated therapeutic value and realize those potentialities of integration which it brings to light. From it he has learned to think twice before hurling about epithets of abnormal and normal, perverse and sane, high or low. He has learned from it not simply to see the seamy side of nobility but the seeds of nobility in what the rough condemnatory language of tradition calls evil. But most of all he will have learned from the newer psychiatric sciences of psychology and psychoanalysis that the business of morals is that of the integrity or, better still, of the integration of character. And a large part of that technique by which a soul is rendered whole is its release from those deviousnesses and evasions, those repressions and shames, which prevent it from facing the realities of its self and its world with candor, generosity, and courage. An order that excludes half and the more urgent half of the energies by which men live and by whose drive they continue to care to live is a fraudulent peace.

It is indeed because, naturalistically regarded, the individual is himself so largely the expression of the society in which he lives that one becomes a little impatient of those who frame a moral code, a theory of criticism or of life, without reference to the social, economic, and educational conditions which make the soul, under any social order, characteristically what it is. The two forces now dominant, as writers as different as John Dewey and Stuart Chase constantly remind us, are science and the technology related to it, the machine. It is possible for a few spirits to flee from these, to live physically at some lovely "Fiesolan" distance and spiritually in some flight to the Middle Ages or to Greece, as if those forces and resources were not the dominant determinants of the character of the age and the lives of its contemporaries. But their peace will be half built on what they half forget, and there will be, inevitably, a tincture of revolt or disdain or despair in their quietistic raptures. Their joy will have the internal poison, moreover, of conscious irrelevance, as will even more profoundly that of those who try to bask in vanished sunlight and live as correctives, scolding, petulant, and doomed, in the midst of the contemporary world.

No. One cannot be at peace even with oneself in a society that is not in its whole organization, so intervolved are contemporary lives, at peace. It is not simply because he feels that some new war might wipe out for all eternity the fragments, lingering and lovely, of a dying civilization that the new naturalist feels it necessary to study—that he may help reasonably to control—the economic and scientific and industrial forces afoot in the world. It is because he is aware that the ordered (which is to say once more, the harmonized) life is socially conditioned that he wishes to face frankly the facts of science, machinery, industrial democracy, and internationalism to see what may be made of them. He has already had evidence enough of what science and the machine can do to the forms and to the formulas of our lives. The five-room apartment and the suburban bungalow, the radio, the airplane, and machine production have given him many goods cheaply, and have without his realizing it changed the whole matrix of his and of everyone's life. Part of the disorder in the contemporary soul is that persistent living "between two worlds, one dead, the other powerless to be born." A large part of the current disillusion or the endemic retreat into citadels of vanished authority comes from the fact that practically we are compelled, intellectually resigned, to live in the present world of science and the machine. But our imagination from childhood has been nourished on the ancient symbols, the antique creeds, the inherited beauties. We work in the twentieth century and dream in the twelfth; we are neighbors to the dynamo and we escape to a marble temple shining on an ancient Mediterranean hill.

A large part, indeed, of what passes for love of the classics and for the classical temper is simply a timid and uneasy refusal to let the imagination brood or play upon the contemporary scene. That form constitutes half of beauty, and the love of it half the aesthetic experience, there can be no doubt. And it is not surprising that a civilization comparatively simple or relatively stable should have generated forms upon which the eye and the mind are prone to linger. But the challenge to literature and to the other arts in our generation is precisely that of giving some pattern and coherence to the new world, the new themes and the unprecedented urgencies that have come into our lives with the new order.

Man is a half happy but, historically considered, quite explicable accident. There are moments of the angel in him and he is, as an old naturalist once remarked, "in apprehension how like a God." But he is compelled, willy-nilly, to absent himself from felicity awhile and in this harsh world draw his breath in pain to tell his story. But if it were not for this harsh world there would be no story. If it were not for that world and for his own complex nature in it, there would never be felicity.

The naturalist surveys life and nature and greets with welcome understanding all that art and literature which render the lusts of the beast and the loves of the god in that earth-bound and heaven-dreaming creature which is man. Being human, he loves as much as any classicist those achieved forms and beauties which are part of the human tradition. But being human, he is not simply an inheritor of a past. He is the living part of a present. He is, too, the living imagination of the future. And it is to the literature and art of his own age, however formless they be or however half articulate their forms, that he will turn for the expression of his sense of nature, his love of life, his hopes, his fears, and his illusions—what used, in short, to be called his religion.

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Who Reads the Classics Now?

By HENRY HAZLITT

IT is hardly necessary to remark that any culture worthy of the name must draw its life both from the finest minds of the present and the greatest minds of the past. If it confines itself to either to the exclusion of the other it becomes deformed. The disease of reading too exclusively the books of dead authors is probably confined, in the modern world, to the older pundits of India and China, and in America and Europe to a few scattered academicians. Our real danger is that of reading too exclusively the works of our own time. That the present tendency is too heavily in favor of current books there can be no reasonable doubt. The chief questions we have to answer concern its extent. What is the approximate present ratio in the reading of old books as compared with current books? Has the tendency in the last generation, or in the last few years, been toward the reading of relatively more old books or fewer? Exactly which of the old books are being most read today, and which have been forgotten?

In an effort to get at something beyond mere impressions, the present writer sent an inquiry to the leading publishers who carry old books or classics on their lists, to the American Library Association, and to a number of the leading libraries throughout the country, to obtain whatever figures were available in regard to the comparative reading and buying of old and new books, or impressions in the absence of such figures.

One of the most interesting results of this inquiry is the remarkably wide differences of opinion among those whom one would assume to be in the best position to know the facts. Thus Miss Marilla W. Freeman of the Cleveland Public Library reports that "in almost every field the general reading public demands more than ever before the books which are currently reviewed and discussed," while Mr. Arthur E. Bostwick of the St. Louis Public Library gives it as his impression that "old books are being still read to a very considerable extent side by side with the new." Differences among the publishers are even more pronounced. Mr. J. W. Lippincott, who expressed his opinion on the subject several months ago, now writes: "We are profligate with our riches and would rather pay $2.50 for a new novel on the chance that it may be good reading than to give $1 for an old book that is sure to be interesting." And Robert M. McBride and Company add: "The public is becoming less and less interested in the older and hitherto standard books. This applies particularly to that group of authors who were considered 'staple stock items' by virtually every bookseller a few years ago. Formerly these authors, who shall remain nameless, were stocked in their entirety; now any bookseller will tell you that he finds it necessary to carry only a few outstanding titles of each." Little, Brown and Company remark: "It is definitely our feeling that the older books are steadily losing ground." "The majority of publishers," according to the Houghton Mifflin Company, "now agree that new books (published during the current year) are having a larger proportional sale today than ever before. Many houses find that whereas a few years ago there was an approximate fifty-fifty division between old and new books, today there is, generally speaking, a sixty-forty ratio in favor of new books." Mrs. Blanche W. Knopf writes: "Obviously, the reading of very old classics has practically disappeared and it is amazing how few are read today as compared to current books." This is supported by Mr. M. G. Michaels of Brentano's: "From my own observation, the reading of the old classics is almost a thing of the past. Even a current volume becomes old in sixty days unless it is an obvious best-seller."

Such opinions, as I have said, meet with flat disagreement from other publishers. Mr. John Macrae, Jr., of E. P. Dutton and Company, writes: "I know that some of the publishers have reported a decreasing sale in the classics. . . . This, however, has not been true as far as we are concerned. . . . In my opinion the public is just as much interested in the classics and just as much interested in older books of real merit as it ever was." Mr. Harrison Smith of Cape and Smith remarks: "I should say that there was a steadily increasing demand for old books." Dodd, Mead and Company conclude: "Our experience . . . would seem to indicate that the classics are having a happier time today than they ever had." The publishers who confine themselves almost exclusively to reprints are of the same opinion. The Modern Library finds that "the classics don't do so badly. Probably the days of the old parlor sets of Dickens, Scott, Jane Austen (those wedding-present books behind glass cases) are over, and when we remember some of the typography and illustrations and bookbinding that were used on these sets the change seems like a good one. When people buy the classics now they at least read them."

Before venturing to say which of these opinions seems most justified, or whether there is a possible reconciliation of some of those that appear to be opposed, I shall present such general figures and such information regarding specific books as I have been able to obtain. Any comparison of "old" and "new" books, of course, must involve the drawing of some arbitrary line. In my own inquiry I asked which were the best-selling or most widely read books today that first appeared ten years ago or more, and if these were mainly books published in the twentieth century, which were the best-selling or most widely read books that first appeared more than fifty years ago.

The most general answers, naturally, came from libraries rather than individual publishers. Unfortunately, the libraries do not keep continuous statistics indicating the number of times specific books are taken out; one has to fall back, in the main, upon impressions of librarians. The Public Library of the City of Los Angeles, in answer to my inquiry, tabulated the book checks of various authors for "a representative day." The nine most popular fiction authors were taken in four groups: (1) classics, (2) "standard" authors from the period of approximately 1885 to 1900, (3) better writers of today, and (4) late or living writers of love, mystery, adventure, and Western stories. Of the books of the last group of authors, consisting of (arranged

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in order of popularity) Zane Grey, Bower, Oppenheim, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Kathleen Norris, Kyne, Gene Porter, Temple Bailey, and Ethel Dell, 241 copies had been taken out; of the books of "better writers" of today—Galsworthy, Cabell, Dreiser, Bennett, Wassermann, Garland, Wells, Atherton, Tarkington, Walpole, and Wilder—119 copies; of the books of the standard authors of the period 1885-1900—Doyle, Conrad, London, Hardy, Kipling, France, Lew Wallace, Harte, and Churchill—77 copies; and of the books of the "classics"—Dumas, Scott, Dickens, Hugo, Tolstoy, Cooper, Hawthorne, Brontë, and Jules Verne—76 copies. With allowance made for local preferences and for the possibly misleading indications which one day's record would give, these figures have some value as indicating ratios.

This classification, it will be noticed, is made partly on the basis of age of volumes, and partly on the basis of supposed merit. There is no virtue, of course, in reading old books per se. There is no necessary relation between the age of a book and its value. This might seem too obvious to be worth stating, were it not for the common superstition, shared often by the most intelligent people, that only the bad books die and only the good survive. A certain quasi-permanent type of sentimentality, as the results of the present survey show, may appeal to sentimental readers indefinitely, and some rubbish lives for ages.

Here are the books over ten years old given by Mr. Bostwick in a letter to the writer as among the most popular at the St. Louis Public Library: "Tarzan of the Apes," "The Crisis," "Pollyanna," "The Americanization of Edward Bok," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Virginian," "Up from Slavery," "Ben Hur," Roosevelt's letters to his children, and "The Mill on the Floss." H. M. Lydenberg, assistant director of the New York Public Library, reports that both from agreement of impressions and the statistical support of the number of copies it is necessary to keep on the shelves, the following six volumes that appeared ten years or more ago are among those highest in demand: Dostoevski's "Crime and Punishment," Shaw's "Man and Superman," the earlier volumes of Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga," O'Neill's earlier plays, Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray," and Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina." The most popular books that appeared fifty years ago or more are several plays of Shakespeare, several novels of Dickens, Voltaire's "Candide," Goethe's "Faust," Hugo's "Les Misérables," Browning's poems, and Plato's "Republic." Perhaps the most unexpected inclusion here is Browning, while Dreiser is an unexpected omission in the first list. Dreiser's novels are in more demand, however, in the library's East Side branches.

The Cleveland Public Library gives as "the most popular classics": Rabelais, Boccaccio's "Decameron," Barrie, Shaw, Keats, Shelley, Emerson, Whitman, Mark Twain, Kipling, and Robert W. Service. If the total number of copies of a book kept on the shelves may be taken as a fair index of the demand for it, the following list of the dozen leading novels fifty years old or more is interesting: Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," 62 copies; Wallace's "Ben Hur," 50; Stevenson's "Treasure Island," 49; Scott's "Ivanhoe," 45; Hugo's "Les Misérables," 43; Dumas's "The Three Musketeers," 43; Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter," 41; Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," 39; Dickens's "David Copperfield," 36; Bulwer Lytton's "The Last Days of Pompeii," 36; Eliot's "Adam Bede," 34; Cervantes's "Don Quixote," 32.

Among publishers the best indication of the relative popularity of old books can be gained from the reprint series. Many of these volumes sell annually in numbers that any publisher would be delighted to see as the total sales of a new book. Unfortunately, even where publishers have shown the present writer figures for his own information, they have expressed the wish not to have the figures published, so that exact comparisons of sales of old and new books cannot be made. Moreover, certain old titles may be issued in various editions by as many as half a dozen or a dozen publishers, and if the totals of these could be compiled the sales of many of the leading titles would easily run to a higher total than those of many of the leading current titles.

The Modern Library probably offers an excellent index of the current popularity of older volumes. Its best-selling books in 1929 were, in their order, Merejkowski's "The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci," Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac," Voltaire's "Candide," "The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," Hudson's "Green Mansions," and Hardy's "The Return of the Native." Oscar Wilde's "Dorian Gray," "Moby Dick," Anatole France's "The Red Lily," Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," Zola's "Nana," and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" also rank high. The A. L. Burt Company cite as their half-dozen best-selling classics: Emerson's "Essays," "The Three Guardsmen," "The Mill on the Floss," "Oliver Twist," "Ivanhoe," and "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Grosset and Dunlap list as their six best-selling books published ten years or more ago: Wharton's "The Age of Innocence," Grey's "The Border Legion," Hutchinson's "If Winter Comes," Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons," Lewis's "Main Street," and O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas." Their best-selling books first published twenty-five years ago are London's "The Call of the Wild," Churchill's "The Crisis," Stoker's "Dracula," Wiggin's "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," London's "The Sea Wolf," and Wister's "The Virginian." Their best-selling books published fifty years ago are Mark Twain's "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer," Wallace's "Ben Hur," Verne's "The Mysterious Island," Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and Melville's "Moby Dick." The Book League of America, which offers its subscribers to new books their choice of a list of older books, finds that books of the earlier twentieth century were chosen in the following order: Butler's "Way of All Flesh," Ellis's "Dance of Life," Douglas's "South Wind," Frazer's "Golden Bough," Phelps's "Essays on Modern Novelists," and "The Education of Henry Adams." Books of the late nineteenth century (1890-1900) were chosen in this order: Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," Ibsen's "Selected Plays," Chekhov's stories, France's "Thais," Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad," and Hardy's "Return of the Native."

D. Appleton and Company report as their best-selling books published ten years or more ago: Stephen Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," and Phillips's "Susan Lenox: Her Fall and Rise." Their most popular volumes published fifty years or more ago are Bryant's poems, "Alice in Wonderland," the works of Charles Darwin, Spencer, and

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Huxley, "The Three Musketeers," and Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus." Dodd, Mead and Company find Rupert Brooke's poems still enjoying "a steady and phenomenally large sale"; and a very high sale also for Laurence Hope's "India's Love Lyrics," France's "Penguin Island," Douglas's "South Wind," Dunbar's "Complete Poems," and several titles by Lafcadio Hearn. Among the much older books their most successful is their set of Anthony Trollope, the demand for whose work is apparently increasing. There is also "still a tremendous demand" for the Elsie books. Doubleday, Doran and Company report among their best-selling books Conrad's "Lord Jim," "Nigger of the Narcissus," "Youth," and "Victory," the short stories of O. Henry, Helen Keller's "Life," half a dozen volumes of Kipling, "Cyrano de Bergerac," Tarkington's "Penrod," Maugham's "Of Human Bondage," Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and Vallery Radot's "Pasteur." In the Star Dollar Library the best-selling volumes are Wells's "Outline of History," "Rasputin," "Catharine the Great," and Cellini.

E. P. Dutton and Company find that their sales among the classics in their Everyman's Library, as well as in the Broadway Translations and other reprint series have all increased during the past year. In fiction, outside of these reprint series, their best-selling old books are "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalpyse," "On the Branch," "The Purple Land," and "Joanna Godden." The two most active old books of Harcourt, Brace and Company are Louis Untermeyer's anthologies of "Modern American Poetry" and "Modern British Poetry." The first of these has sold over 100,000 copies and the second 80,000. Harper's best-selling books, ten years or more old, include the earlier volumes of Zane Grey, Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," and Booth Tarkington's "The Turmoil." "Ben Hur" and "Trilby" still sell very largely. In fact a million copies of "Ben Hur" were recently sold to Sears, Roebuck and Company. The best-selling older books of Henry Holt are Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," Dorothy Canfield's "Understood Betsy," and Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse." Houghton Mifflin Company's best-selling older books are Havelock Ellis's "The Dance of Life," "The Education of Henry Adams," Cabot's "What Men Live By," and Cather's "My Antonia."

Knopf's best-selling older books are: "Growth of the Soil," by Knut Hamsun, "The Prophet," by Kahlil Gibran, and Hudson's "Green Mansions." Books of general interest published between 1900 and 1920 that sell best today on the J. B. Lippincott Company's list are "The Life of Whistler," by the Pennells, Jack London's "The Daughter of the Snows," and the various volumes in Dr. Furness's "Variorum" Shakespeare. The most popular volumes published between 1890 and 1900 are Paul Leicester Ford's "George Washington," Marie Corelli's "Barabbas" and "Sorrows of Satan," and Ouida's "Under Two Flags." Among the Little, Brown publications about 12,000 copies were sold last year of "Ramona," by Helen Hunt Jackson, first published in 1884. "The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson" and Francis Parkman's "The Oregon Trail" also sell well, and 8,500 copies were sold last year of Alcott's "Little Women," first published in 1868. Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," first published in 1907 and now issued by the Macaulay Company, still sells about 2,500 copies a year.

The most successful books of ten years ago published by Macmillan's are Dostoevski's "Brothers Karamazov" and "Crime and Punishment," London's "Call of the Wild," Wister's "The Virginian," Stephens's "The Crock of Gold," and Churchill's "Richard Carvel." Of these by far the most successful are "The Call of the Wild" and "The Virginian." In general non-fiction, the best-selling books are Jane Addams's "Twenty Years at Hull House," Frazer's "Golden Bough," and Bryce's "American Commonwealth." The most successful books appearing more than fifty years ago are Butler's "Way of All Flesh," Ibsen's "Selected Plays," "Marco Polo," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," the collected poems of Browning and Tennyson, and "Alice in Wonderland." Cabell's "Jurgen," published originally in 1919 by Robert M. McBride and Company, still sells well. The Oxford University Press's best-selling book, first published more than ten years ago, is "The Oxford Book of English Verse," and their best-selling reprint volumes are Boswell's "Johnson," a one-volume Shakespeare, the poems of Keats, the poems of Shelley, Euripides's "Electra," Melville's "Moby Dick," and Chaucer's poems. The five best-selling volumes of Scribner's first published ten years or more ago are "The Americanization of Edward Bok," Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga," Roosevelt's letters to his children, and Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome." Of books published fifty years ago their highest-selling volumes today are "Hans Brinker," by Mary Mapes Dodge, and "Old Creole Days," by George W. Cable. The Vanguard Press's best-selling old books are "Love's Coming of Age," by Carpenter, Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class," Lenin's "The State and Revolution," and Sinclair's "The Jungle." Bellamy's "Looking Backward" still enjoys a considerable sale. The Viking Press still sells annually about 5,000 copies of Zona Gale's one-act play "Neighbors."

The general conclusions that can be confidently drawn from this survey are perhaps meager. A few generalizations, however, seem reasonably safe. The current reading of older books, as shown by the experience of libraries and by the reprint series of many publishers, is at least far from negligible. Indeed, the current sales of, say, the ten leading old books, in all editions, would probably compare quite favorably with those of the ten leading new books. We must remember, too, that the reading of older books is probably comparatively greater than either current sales of such books or library borrowing would indicate: there is, for example, the important factor of inherited home libraries.

On the other hand, it seems to be true that just as the book clubs tend to concentrate public attention on fewer current volumes, so under the new dispensation attention is being concentrated on fewer "classics." As a nation we have been trained to ask for the advertised product, and this is true of books as of other merchandise. Books are sold far more than they used to be by ballyhoo. Mass-production economics is beginning to be felt in the book field as it has been elsewhere. The book clubs are merely the outstanding example of this. There is also the growing tendency of publishers generally to concentrate advertising and publicity on a limited number of titles. There is less buying scattered over a wide range of older books, and more concentrated buying (or should one say concentrated selling?) of a few of them. Such a situation is, of course, potentially dangerous, but its effect must depend also to a large extent on which volumes are eliminated and which retained.

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Interior

By STANLEY J. KUNITZ

I close my book; tonight, tonight,
When wet gusts tug at the chestnut burr,
Permit my will, that's half my light,
To sit domestic by the fire;

And watch the clock in present tense
Draw circles of the time to love;
And contemplate the simple beans
Profoundly baking in the stove.

Having beheld with recent eyes
The sterile pits of reason's moon,
I shall not be, I think, less wise
For homely things and homely rune;

Nor wholly trust the merely true
Of prose; nor hear with tempered vein
The feathered devil in the flue,
The breaking vowels of the rain.

Gorki's Trilogy

Bystander. By Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

FOR years the prophet and reporter of the proletarian revolution, Gorki, when he found himself a little too old to keep up with the terrific onrush of events, decided to settle down, survey the traversed path, and try to recapture for posterity the colorful people and stirring incidents of his arduous and variegated life. Though he is not any longer in the vanguard of the revolution, Gorki is still tremendously popular with the laboring masses of the world. In Russia he is a veritable idol. "Every one of us, no matter what category he belongs to," once said a Soviet worker, "has one warm, living spot in his breast, and that is the memory of Gorki." In the Soviet Union Gorki is honored not only as the father of proletarian literature and as the man whom Lenin called "the most important representative of proletarian art," but also as the guardian angel of Russian culture, as the friend and counselor of numberless young proletarian authors, and as the only outstanding Russian man of letters who has remained loyal to the working class.

Ever since 1913 Gorki has been writing almost exclusively in a mood of serene retrospection. His marvelous series of autobiographical works, his book of "Recollections," his "Fragments from My Diary," as well as most of the fictional works written by him during his later years, have all been in the reminiscent vein. "The Life of Clim Samghin"—a three-volume epic of which "Bystander" is the first part—attempts to give not only the intimate story of the hero Samghin, but also a comprehensive picture of Russian life during the forty years preceding the October revolution. Taking the "gloomy eighties" as his background for "Bystander," Gorki proceeds slowly, laboriously, with a wealth of meticulous detail, to unfold before us the gruesome panorama of social struggles and cultural upheavals in prerevolutionary Russia. Epoch follows epoch; one generation follows another—the nihilists of the sixties and the populists of the seventies, the Bazarovs and the Niezhdanovs; the rebellious sons of Turgenev's novels are now themselves fathers who are spurned by *their* "decadent" sons for having "aroused hopes they had not been able to fulfil" and for "having occupied themselves with questions of a purely material nature, ignoring the riddles of spiritual life." By a rare combination of scientific objectivity, artistic sympathy, and creative imagination, by a discreet use of contemporary poems and episodes and personages, Gorki evokes the spirit of those nightmarish years: a phantasmagoria of repressions, imprisonments, exiles, executions, pogroms; the intelligentsia, frightened and humiliated, scuttling away into their holes, there to seek consolation in pale dreams of a remote social justice, in mystical explorations of the twilight regions of the soul, or in the bizarre worship of Beauty and the Self. The most usual escape, however, is in drink and debauchery. "Let's drink. We *must* drink, Brother!" shouts one of the Dostoevskian characters in the book. "We are a serious folk; we must drown four-fifths of our soul in drink. To live with all one's soul in Russia is strictly forbidden by everybody. By everybody: the police, the priests, the poets, and the prose writers. But when we have drunk our four-fifths, we'll begin collecting little pornographic pictures and telling smutty stories from Russian history to one another. *There's our prospect in life.*" Horror. Dejection. Utter hopelessness. Yet within the womb of the present the germs of the future begin to stir. The working class is gradually becoming a potent social factor. *New* "sons" come forth to replace *their* degenerate fathers. A new generation of Marxists, scientific socialists, proletarians invade the arena, and begin to prepare the settings for the momentous events of 1905 and 1917.

Thrown against this shifting background, there is a host of dynamic, evolving characters, men and women and children, intellectuals, peasants, workers, bureaucrats, merchants, priests. But while the delineations of many characters are often uncommonly felicitous, some being brilliantly original in conception and unforgettably vivid in form, those of some of the major characters, we regret to say, are somewhat blurred, shadowy. Clim Samghin himself, the central personage in the novel, the prism through which most of the occurrences in the book are refracted, is utterly unreal, invented. Hence many of the events refracted through him, though historically authentic, also appear unreal and invented. In his treatment of Clim the author tries to be super-subtle, analytical, keenly psychological. But he is not very successful. We are shown a hundred different traits belonging to Clim, yet we never come to know Clim himself. We learn a great deal about his relations with his family, sweethearts, friends; we learn of his vacillations, pretensions, and disillusionments, but our knowledge is never synthesized into a living image. The same applies to Lidia, and Tomilin, and many other characters. They talk, they philosophize, they go and come and go again, and one can never make out why, where, and whither.

The truth is Gorki is no master of form, particularly of big form. His novels and plays are almost invariably amorphous, rickety, loose. To conceal these fundamental structural defects he is often forced to resort to dogma, tendentiousness, romantic vaporing, and endless and vapid philosophizing. Once there was an element of beguiling novelty in having a sententious tramp regale us with sparkling bits of Nietzschean wisdom; by now the novelty has worn off. And as regards philosophizing intellectuals such as we find in this book, unless they achieve the devastatingly explosive results of an Ivan Karamazov they almost always manage to become unmitigated bores. In the nineties of the last century their discussions might have sounded very profound; in the year of our Lord 1930 they strike one as insupportably piddling and unnecessary. Gorki seems never to have learned that long speeches can never make up for a poor plot, and that without organiza-

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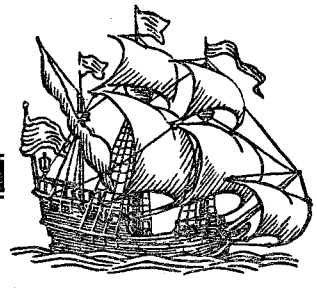

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tion, concentration, and clarity no novel, however "splendid in scope" and monumental in bulk, can be properly called a masterpiece.

Ironically enough, according to the publishers Gorki considers this trilogy his "life work," his "ultimate test." If true, it is a strange commentary on human nature, particularly on the artist's nature. For Gorki is not the first or the only artist to set a wrong relative value on his own work. Perhaps he does not consider his autobiographical works "art." Perhaps they came too easily to him—those vivid recollections, so free of plot, literary convention, and intellectual hokum. Perhaps Gorki himself does not fully realize the incomparable beauty, the greatness he has achieved in those broad, flowing, artless streams of throbbing life.

JOSHUA KUNITZ

Shelley's First Child

Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet. Edited with an Introduction by Leslie Hotson. Little, Brown and Company. $8.

MR. HOTSON has added another triumph to that list of triumphs which promises to grow so long as to make him the leading literary detective of our day. He has discovered nine of the letters which Shelley wrote to Harriet Westbrooke after he had left her for Mary Godwin. One was already known, but it was insufficient. Others had been searched for, by Peacock, Kegan Paul, and perhaps innumerable unknown men, in the Public Records Office during the century which followed the miserable confusion attending the affair. Now Mr. Hotson has turned up—not the letters themselves, but court copies of them consulted in the case of Shelley vs. Westbrooke. And the situation of Shelley during those painful months between July and October, 1814, is at last quite clear. If it is of any importance to know how he felt about Harriet, and what he said to her, we know it.

In a certain sense nothing is added here to our knowledge of Shelley's character. It was always to me an unpleasant character, and it becomes no more so now. That is to say, it still does not become quite detestable. The only difference is that he is permitted to display it with a more preposterous fulness, he is forced—and this may be a violation of his privacy of which one ought not to take advantage—to seem more unpleasant than ever.

The trouble with the letters is that they are so just, so noble, and so righteous. Shelley was a man of principles, and a man of principles is so dreadfully concerned with proving himself right. He fails to see that the question of right or wrong seldom comes in at all. Shelley is not to be blamed for the original injury he did Harriet; his passion for Mary was apparently quite uncontrollable. He is to be blamed, I think, for writing Harriet a series of sermons about her duty as a liberal—a thing, incidentally, which a more sensible man would have known she never had been. He is to be blamed for his brotherliness, his fatherliness, his exacerbating fairness. He is to be blamed, indeed, for writing at all—for thinking there was anything he could say to make Harriet feel better. I am sure that everything he said made her feel worse. For she was a child—his first child—and did not know better than to be hurt.

"I repeat," he says, "that my attachment to you is unimpaired." What could that mean to Harriet? "It is no reproach to me," he continues, "that you have never filled my heart with an all-sufficing passion." Of course not, and I suspect that Harriet never thought so. If she hated anyone it was Mary—whom Shelley wants her to see, she is so wonderful. But then, "I murmur not if you feel incapable of compassion and love for the object and the sharer of my passion." No, no, Mary also will be a martyr to the fiendish prejudices of mankind, which Shelley fears Harriet is now beginning to share.

But Shelley is chiefly anxious lest Harriet think him in the wrong, and asks her whether what he is now doing to her heart is not balanced by all the improvement he has given her mind in the past—and perhaps overbalanced by the improvement he still offers. "Consider how far you would desire your future life to be placed within the influence of my superintending mind." Later on, when Harriet has become hysterical and has lost caste with him by showing herself still a slave to "the vilest superstitions"—a slave, that is, to anger and jealousy—he reminds her sorrowfully: "I would have superintended the progress of your mind, and have assisted you in cultivating an elevated philosophy." The spectacle of Shelley abusing his wife for an abandonment of principles which did not apply in the least to her feelings, and which if she had ever understood them she had shared with him merely because they were a part of him, is not exactly edifying, nor can it make me like Shelley.

I prefer Keats's confessed jealousy whenever Fanny Brawne went to a dance without him; I prefer Byron's willingness to admit himself a sinner, even though a proud one; I prefer—well, in the case of Shelley I should have preferred a certain amount of silence. Deliver me from all persons who want to depose that they have hurt me in the cause of highest truth. Better that they should hit and run.

MARK VAN DOREN

Tragedy, Q. E. D.

Gallows' Orchard. By Claire Spencer. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

FROM the first sentence of "Gallows' Orchard" Miss Spencer has the respect of the reader. Here, one feels, is, at the very least, a craftsman. And when the novel is finished one looks back with admiration on the spare, strong lines of its structure. Wise in her selection of incident, sparing but effective in her description, Miss Spencer conducts her story with an assurance that can only be born of complete imaginative comprehension. So sharp is the impression of maturity which the novel makes that one wishes to give the author the benefit of every doubt, even when she employs a device seemingly so cumbersome as the alternation of the historical present with the past tense. One knows she has her reasons though they may seem inadequate.

It is with an ethical problem that Miss Spencer has concerned herself. Effie Gallows, says the minister, has a rare quality: "It isn't her looks or her character or her way of looking at things; it's something else; it's something hard to explain. It's something that you feel everybody ought to have on the strength of being alive, and yet I have never met anyone but her who had it." In such a woman the sense of personal integrity is naturally strong, but Effie has sinned against her integrity by marrying a weak and colorless admirer to provide a father for another man's child.

The wrong she has done she soon realizes, and she resigns herself to her punishment. "If people are low in their hearts they can do low things and not hurt themselves, and never be punished; but when you know a thing is wrong and still you do it, you are doomed." The inhabitants of Durkie, the Scotch town in which she lives, gladly take upon themselves the role of avenging furies. Always distrustful of her because she possesses something they lack, and now outraged as much by her pride as by her misdeeds, they persecute her by every means they can devise and in the end stone her to death. Five men, according to the varying degrees of their strength and weakness, suffer with her.

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Two books may be compared though they are not of equal merit, and it is not unprofitable to place "Gallows' Orchard" beside "The Scarlet Letter." Not only are they alike in theme; their weaknesses, however they differ in degree, are of the same kind. The spectacle of the inevitable workings of unalterable law is grand, but it is not moving. Effie's remark, "When a thing has started it has to work itself out," like Chillingworth's "Let the black flower blossom as it may," is impressive rather than stirring. The situation is justly presented; Effie's character is clearly defined; the five men act their appropriate parts. But something is missing, and the tragic ending brings from us only the satisfied admiration that is given to the last line of that kind of sonnet one calls neatly turned.

In part, no doubt, the explanation lies in the essential difficulty of the task: the character of an Effie Gallows is easier to define than to convey. Beyond that, however, is the obstacle of Effie's passivity, a passivity implicit in Miss Spencer's conception of the situation. Effie is made for affirmation, for struggle, and when she does momentarily struggle the reader feels with her. But she is committed to negation, forced to be something less than herself, less than a person. Like the characters in "The Scarlet Letter," she is by definition two-dimensional, and her death fails to lay strong hands upon our emotions.

GRANVILLE HICKS

A Great Poet

A Vision of the Mermaids. By Gerard Manley Hopkins. Complete Facsimile Edition Limited to 250 Copies. Oxford University Press. $7.50.

The Life of Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, S. J. By Father Lahey, S. J. Oxford University Press. $3.50.

TWO hundred and fifty copies, I have heard, made up the whole edition in which for the first time the few but wonderful poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins were published. That was in 1918. Their extraordinary author had been dead twenty-nine years. Save for occasional publication chiefly in religious periodicals and anthologies, on whose reluctant editors they had almost to be forced, the poems were known only to a handful of impressed but not always understanding friends. They knew the man to be remarkable and respected the poetry as his utterance. These friends included Coventry Patmore, who esteemed Hopkins enough to take his advice in revising his own work, but who gave up the effort of following Hopkins's bewildering innovations, and Robert Bridges, who in his understanding and will to understand becomes an example of a good friend. It was to Bridges that Hopkins intrusted his manuscripts to be published after his death. Victorian timidity no doubt, and later the war, lengthened the delay; finally the book was published in the carefully and conscientiously annotated edition of 1918, which is being reprinted within a few months with additional poems. To precede this reprinting we have now a useful biography and a facsimile of one of the longer Hopkins manuscripts.

Bridges may seem to have been a hesitant sponsor; but the temper of Hopkins's generation and the general impatience with experiment will account for his hesitation. He may seem to be too defensive in his editorial notes, to dwell too submissively on the defects and too shyly on the excellences. But in 1918 matters were different. Today we have become not so much tolerant of as styled to experiment. Mr. Bridges could not have anticipated the quick acceptance of this poetry, and still less its immediate and increasing influence.

In the twelve years since their publication the 250 small books have been searched out and become scarce. Five English booksellers in a year's time could not locate a copy for one insistent purchaser. Among poets the possessors' names were exchanged and the copies were borrowed oftener perhaps than those of any book in recent years. With the publication of the forthcoming new edition of the poems it will probably be observed that in some recent poetry influences attributed to other poets are in reality Hopkins's. The Poet Laureate's work owns it, and Hart Crane's "The Bridge," unquestionably a great poem and one of the few of our generation, shows the present benefits of Hopkins's liberating and enriching experiments.

This influence cannot, I think, be attributed mainly to his many and extraordinary contributions to English versification, although they are the first to be noticed and both in quality and in quantity constitute probably the greatest addition made by a single poet. Today we are inclined rather to imitate an attitude of mind than a form; and for that reason a T. S. Eliot exerts more authority than an E. E. Cummings. In Hopkins, however, it is not so much an attitude of mind—else we should all seek some individual form of asceticism—as the virtue of an example. Here is a poet who was not afraid to write exactly as he wished, who dared to take the risk of a crabbed and queer appearance, of obscurities into which readers would not follow him.

Such independence has always been rare in literature. Few poets seem to have been so indifferent to or disciplined against the pleasure of publication. It is the only form of his asceticism that it would be profitable for us to imitate, though devout Catholics may think differently. Hopkins was even content after his admission to the Society of Jesus to give up writing poetry altogether. He wrote to his friend Canon Dixon:

> What [verses] I had written I burnt before I became a Jesuit [i.e., 1868] and resolved to write no more, as not belonging to my profession, unless it were by the wish of my superiors; so for seven years I wrote nothing but two or three little presentation pieces which occasion called for. But when in the winter of '75 the Deutschland was wrecked in the mouth of the Thames and five Franciscan nuns, exiles from Germany by the Falck laws, aboard of her were drowned I was affected by the account, and happening to say so to my rector, he said that he wished some one would write a poem on the subject. On this hint I set to work and, though my hand was out at first, produced one. I had long had haunting my ear the echo of a new rhythm which now I realized on paper. . . . I do not say the idea is altogether new . . . but no one has professedly used it and made it the principle throughout that I know of. . . . However, I had to mark the stresses . . . and a great many more oddnesses could not but dismay an editor's eye, so that when I offered it to our magazine, the *Month* . . . they dared not print it.

He wrote, as he said elsewhere, to satisfy a love of design; but he wrote, too, out of a love and understanding of words, of their sound and of their sense, that is unrivaled in our literature. He played almost boisterously with them, running them out in delightful repetitions, in transformations and substitutions. This freedom with words is even more characteristic than his rhythms or his marvelous imagery. This and the exigencies of his bold rhythmic scheme led to the oddities for which Bridges apologizes too much, and of which the author was fully conscious, as this passage from a letter to Bridges shows:

> No doubt my poetry errs on the side of oddness. I hope in time to have a more balanced and Miltonic style. But as air, melody, is what strikes me most of all in music, and design in painting, so design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling "inscape" is what I above all aim at in poetry. Now it is the virtue of design, pattern, or inscape to be distinctive and it is the vice of distinctiveness to become queer. This vice I cannot have escaped.

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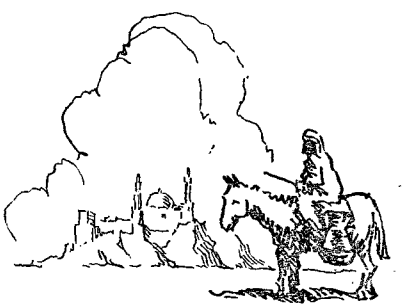

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And again two months later:

> Moreover the oddness may make them repulsive at first and yet Lang might have liked them on a second reading.

The elements of Hopkins's originality are bewildering. He is astonishingly bold with words and with forms of speech; he is free with ellipses, coins new words, breaks them in two, transfers the parts of combined words, as when "brimful in a flash" becomes "brim in a flashful"; rhymes internally, alliterates, omits that's and which's to have every word dynamic, and displaces prepositions so that their very movement in the sentence adds to their force; combines words to sharpen their rhythm, quicken their meaning, and harmonize their sound.

Such a procedure is inimitable; it is his poetic personality, which will certainly stimulate and encourage other poets along the paths of their own individuality, but which it would be very dangerous to copy. It is his prosody that is his main contribution.

"For purpose of scanning," he writes, "it is a great convenience to follow the example of music and take the stress always first. . . . If this is done there will be in common English verse only two possible feet—the so-called accentual trochee and dactyl." This may seem to conflict with the admitted fact that English verse is largely iambic; and his own use of trochaic and dactylic rhythms gives his poetry its oddness. In developing his rhythm he substitutes good English words for the Latin and Greek terms. Thesis he calls "stress"; arsis, "slack." The iambic he calls "rising"; trochaic, "falling" rhythm; where the stress falls in the middle he calls it "rocking" rhythm. "Mixed" (logaoedic) rhythm results where these are mingled for variety. Again taking example from music (in which he was adept enough to compose fugues) he contrasts rhythms for counterpoint and achieves striking effects. However, his most important contribution to versification is what he names "sprung" rhythm, which is counterpointed throughout. Each stanza is scanned continuously so that the lines merge together. It may have "hangers" or "outrides," a series of unaccented syllables which contribute pauses and variety. The feet have from one to four syllables, the accent falling always on the first. Hopkins makes remarkable use of the one-syllable foot, which gives concentrated and intense effects.

I give this example of a poem in "sprung" rhythm that contains some of his other effects:

PIED BEAUTY

Glory be to God for dappled things—
  For skies of couple-color as a brindled cow;
    For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
  Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plow;
    And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
  Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
    With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
      Praise Him.

If the innovations strike us first we must remember that it is the major poetry heightened by them that is his real contribution. Beyond question Hopkins belongs among the great poets of English literature. The experiments may be taken as evidence of the subtlety and diversity of one of the greatest minds to express itself in poetry in his generation.

How diverse and fertile his mind was the two books now published before the new edition of his poems reveal. Father Lahey's biography is useful for its information and its supplement of examples of Hopkins's prose, a prose as remarkable and as rich as his poetry. He was always intensely interested in clouds, and kept a journal of day-to-day changes in the sky which contains some of the most wonderful descriptive writing I have ever seen—sensitive, accurate, powerful, and always musical.

The biography is too formally a memoir to attempt to solve the problems of his asceticism and his conversion to Catholicism. Father Lahey is intelligent and sensitive but his answers are those of a cleric. The evidences of suffering in the "terrible" sonnets of the later years are piously explained away as a mystic source of happiness. Perhaps Hopkins's love of forms led him to adopt the most formalized way of life offered in the contemporary world. There can be no question of the sincerity and the profundity of his belief, but there can be no question either, from the evidence of his poetry, that the beauty of ceremony, the bodying forth of belief, attracted him sensuously.

Hopkins, who was a composer, philosopher, naturalist, and philologist, was also a painter. The reproduction of his autograph of "A Vision of the Mermaids," an early but beautiful poem which won a university prize, contains a Blake-like illustration that shows a powerful fancy. It is published in a limited edition that is certain to become a prized collector's item, especially since the poem is not published in full in any other form.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

From Belly to Mind

The Human Mind. By Karl A. Menninger. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

IN the limestone rocks in and about Buffalo, New York, the flattened impression of a curious lobster-like animal may be found. It was but one of many a crustacean that darted here and there in that great sea and its sluggish marshy reaches that once filled the interior of the North American continent countless millions of years ago. One of these fossils, the gift of the recently deceased genial and honored curator of the Buffalo Academy of Sciences, Henry R. Howland, lies temporarily as a paper weight upon this masterly work of Dr. Menninger's upon the human mind.

The apposition is not without interest, for, in a sense, above may be found the fossilized shadow of the creature that started the human brain on its upward pathway and below a concrete model portrayal of what that evolutionary product can bring about after all these millions of years.

The geologist has given the name "Eurypterus" to the fossil; the psychiatrist—Karl A. Menninger—has given a consummately valuable outline of the living instrument, the "human mind," that makes man's activities different from those of his paleostrachean ancestor.

In spite, however, of the millions of years of steady climbing up the ladder from Eurypterus, when, if Gaskell's fascinating hypothesis is to be given some credence, the structures which were primarily belly were cast aside in order that those to be brain might advance, we still hear the ancient and faulty one-sided slogan, "Mens sana in corpore sano." Even the Eurypterus so many eons past knew that body had to be sacrificed for brain. Thus this oft-quoted "a healthy mind in a healthy body" should have bracketed with it that even more important correlate, that without a healthy mind a healthy body is of little service, and the still more important higher synthesis, dear to the Hegelian dialectic, that only a healthy mind, in the highest sense, will produce a healthy body. What this "highest sense" of mental health, as an ideal, and its countless variants are and may be is told in this unusually attractive volume.

Dr. Menninger has discarded the colossal humbug of the

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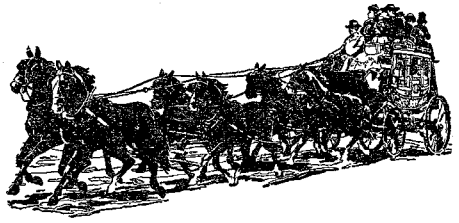

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normal mind and has adopted the case method of presenting his subject. Every human mind is different and he tells us how and why—not in the prolix and ponderous terminology of the classifiers and Dewey card-index systems, but in simple, understandable, and yet quite scientifically correct terms, such as "personalities" that have to meet "situations" and develop "symptoms" if unsuccessful. He discusses the "motives" of "personalities" and the power of these motives; and "treatments" and "applications." Here is the simplest of skeletons filled in with a richness of detail that is informing and fascinating.

Dr. Menninger's handling of the most satisfactory recent methods of obtaining self-knowledge and of conquering our narcissism, namely, those of psychoanalysis, is essentially moderate and sound. He fortunately does not lose himself in psychoanalytic intricacies, but portrays only the more stabilized and usable conceptions which this method of investigation has made available. He shows above all that the method is only for the expert, and he holds that it is of the highest importance that those who value mental activities above those of the body should seek to have their mental discomforts treated only by properly trained individuals.

SMITH ELY JELLIFFE

Maurois and the New Biography

Byron. By André Maurois. Translated from the French by Hamish Miles. D. Appleton and Company. $5.

FOR the preparation of this volume M. Maurois was given access to several unpublished sources of material. From them he has selected various anecdotes which fill out without essentially altering the accepted outline of Byron's character, and he has achieved a clear if not particularly profound or original portrait of the man whose psychology is well summed up in the statement that "his tastes inclined him to intellectualism, his pride to dissipation." Perhaps M. Maurois, reacting against the reaction which followed upon Byron's enormous popularity, tends rather to exaggerate his merits as a poet. Perhaps he does not sufficiently take account of the fact that, however tumultuous Byron's rebellious passions may have been, the symbols which he used to express them were peculiarly childish, and his diabolical gestures—drinking out of a skull and making love to his half-sister—characteristic of a wickedness hardly more original or inventive than the virtue of the conventional people whom he despised. Yet despite a certain diffuseness, and despite an occasional laboring of the obvious in the psychological analysis, the book is extremely readable.

M. Maurois has, however, considerably altered his method since the days when he allowed his imagination full play in "Ariel." In part, perhaps, because the materials for the life of Byron are so copious that there is little temptation to fill in imaginary details he has made but sparing use of novelistic embroideries, and he has appended a long list of sources to the individual chapters. Nevertheless, the most interesting question in connection with his work still remains the question of method, and the advisability of making biography come as close as even this biography does to historical fiction. In order to point the question let us take one or two examples.

The conventional biographer might, for instance, begin something like this: "Newstead, the ancestral home of the Byrons, had been formerly an Augustinian monastery." M. Maurois, on the other hand, opens his book thus: "Through the enchanted Sherwood Forest, close to Nottingham, a little band of black-habited monks, canons regular of the Augustinian Order, came wandering among the oaks. King Henry the Second of England, threatened with excommunication for the murder of Thomas à Becket, had promised the Pope to do penance and to endow monasteries. A site was chosen in a valley, close to a spring and lake; the trees were felled, to the glory of God and for the salvation of the king's soul." Now a hundred recent biographies have made this picturesquely narrative beginning extremely familiar and it may reasonably be questioned whether it has not, by becoming conventional, already lost whatever justification it may once have had. Yet this, after all, is a matter of taste, and the method is less obviously open to serious objections than is the method of certain other passages where M. Maurois uses details which, so far as the reader can tell, may be either drawn from documentary sources or merely imagined.

Consider, for example, some sentences near the beginning of the third chapter. "'And the Lord said unto Cain, Why art thou wroth and why is thy countenance fallen?'—May Gray was reading the Bible aloud, and the little Byron was listening with passionate eagerness. He did not understand all the words but he felt the strange and terrible poetry of the Book. Why did the Lord refuse poor Cain's sacrifice? 'Because of his sin,' said May Gray. Sin? What was sin? . . . All Scotland seemed full of ghosts. . . . In the darkness the child could feel evil things prowling about him." The list of sources gives four references for May Gray, but how many of the details do these sources give? Doubtless they establish the fact that she read him the Bible. But do we know that she read just that passage? Do we know that the little Byron asked specifically about sin, and that he was afraid of ghosts? Or, to take another example: When Maurois, speaking of the expeditions which the young man made with Mary Chaworth, says that "sometimes during these excursions their bodies touched; or hand brushed hand," and when he adds that "the contact made the boy's blood leap," are these details taken from Byron's journal or are they merely the biographer's conception of what probably would happen?

Perhaps these questions seem trivial, but the implications are not. The biographer must, of course, use his imagination, but the whole difference between the biography and the historical novel lies just in the fact that in the former one knows when the author is interpreting or imagining, while in the second one does not, and no little part of the pleasure which belongs to the reading of biography is just the pleasure which comes from following the process of the writer as he builds his picture out of the fragments of fact. When M. Maurois says that Byron's pride was responsible for his dissipation he is using his imagination, but since no concrete fact is involved we know that he is using it. When, on the other hand, he writes of Byron's mental state at the time of his marriage ceremony: "A mist seemed to float before his eyes; he was thinking (Heaven knew why!) of the parting scene with Mary Chaworth, conjuring up the room at Annesley, the long terrace, the grassy fields, that lovely face now twitching with unbalanced fears," we do not know whether we are reading a novel or not. One may turn to the list of sources, where one will find: "Byron's thoughts during the religious service are derived from his poem 'The Dream.'" But if one happens to be one of those general readers for whom a biography like the present is intended, one will have to look up the poem to discover, first, how literally these details are taken from it and, second, how nearly indisputably the poem is direct autobiography.

Few will deny that M. Maurois writes the kind of thing he does write more skilfully and with greater taste than most of those who adopt similar methods, but it is still worth asking whether or not it is worth while to jeopardize the difficult and beautiful art of biography by allowing it to merge even slightly with the totally different art of historical fiction. Dramatic form, vividness, and psychological significance are all virtues in biography, but the art of the biographer is the art of attaining them in the highest possible degree without adopting means which make the so-called biography into something else.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

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Russian-American Chimera

The Two Frontiers. By John Gould Fletcher. Coward-McCann. $3.

EMPLOYING the Spenglerian method of historical intuition and analogy, Mr. Fletcher arrives at the vision of Russia and America as the two great barbarian, frontier nations, encircling and pressing upon a harassed European civilization, and between them determining its doom. The world finds itself in the dilemma of having to make either a choice or a compromise between "the two opposed conceptions of the destiny of mankind": the triumphant new capitalism of America and the equally vigorous social mysticism of Russia. Conflict is inevitable between these giant adversaries and spells disaster for all that Europe represents of human values and arts. The duty of intelligent Russians and Americans is to "oppose the tides of bolshevism and Americanism. . . . We must save America and Russia from themselves."

"The Two Frontiers," with its richness of prophecy, analogy, fantasy, and sheer nonsense, falls thus into the class of those *œuvres de synthèse,* those vehicles of generalization, whose frequent appearance has been an interesting sign of the time. The appealing notion of Spengler that modern man has become a historical animal, his whole attempt at a morphology of civilizations, has encouraged this form of speculation. But for this dangerous new game one needs a generous equipment; one needs a large and curious documentation and intellectual daring enough to stun or enchant the reader, now with paradox and now with brilliant intuitions. Else one comes to grief.

Certainly Mr. Fletcher comes to grief. The technique of the gifted Spengler in the hands of a faltering historiographer becomes a lamentable instrument. The whole system of judgment by historical analogy, which lures Mr. Fletcher as far back as Egypt and Babylonia in search of parallels to the Russian and American situation, breaks down before our eyes. We become aware instead of all those terrible antitheses and baffling lacunae with which the record of man on earth abounds; so that all that passes for "philosophy of history" seems still suspect, a debased form of metaphysics.

In that dark past from which all nations emerge, amid ludicrous analogies drawn from ancient Egyptian dynasties, Assyria, or early Rome, Mr. Fletcher is simply lost upon the historical ocean. Few readers will fail to perceive the futility of likening one of our Presidents to Amenophis IV, or Catharine the Great to George Washington! Nor at a later stage do any of the comparisons and contrasts between the mysterious empire of Eastern Europe and the colonies, the provincial republic beyond the Atlantic, seem much more valid. The greatest portion of this work, devoted to a confused account alternately of Russian and American history, was intended no doubt to substantiate the author's convictions about the present epoch in both countries. It tells us no more than the definitive genealogy of Mr. Henry Ford, traced back to Norman times, would tell us about his qualities as an automobile-maker.

The treatise on the growth of the two literatures during the nineteenth century is written out of a better equipment. But even here one marvels at the uselessness of likening Hawthorne to Gogol, the Byronic Pushkin to Irving, and Mark Twain to the obscure Lyeskov. No, it would have been far better for Mr. Fletcher to have confined himself to the present, the actual character of the two great "frontier nations," which under the sign of certain ruling economic ideas seem rather to show an astonishing resemblance, even affinity, for each other than to be on the verge of deadly conflict.

Once we look beyond the surface phenomena and the professed doctrines which governments conveniently choose to adopt—such as "capitalism" or "communism" or "democracy"—the actual will and impetus of these two nations declare themselves for precisely the same ideas of incessant materialistic progress. Today Russia subjects all other interests to that of the vast Five-Year Industrial Expansion Plan. And the direst Rotarian in our land could not fail to applaud such booming enterprise. The leaders of both nations have the common ideal of raising the physical dignity of the mass, while ignoring or discouraging those individual liberties, those human arts and refinements which were usually predicated of perfected societies. Both peoples are apathetic toward politics: no such shades of opinion or opposition are tolerated as in politically minded England and France. The development of both nations, in short, is toward collectivism and uniformity in response to the working of sheer economic force, which in their case is seldom checked by the limits of tradition or religion, as in the case of the little jealous countries of old Europe. One begins to believe that Moscow is closer to Wall Street with its beehives of engineers and promoters than to our political libertarians who make abortive demonstrations in its honor. The American ideals of Ford and Edison have been added to the Russian religion of equality and state service. And by the same token one may hope that a certain moral fervor will some day be communicated to Americans by Russia's example, so that a heightened social responsibility might work again upon the somewhat successful, but rather unfinished, native system.

In any case Mr. Fletcher's chimera of war between the Russian and American titans seems scarcely to justify the long, pious pilgrimage to ancient Babylonian oracles for verification. One sees these giant nations, each committed to its "great experiment" by economic causes long in preparation. Neither will be stayed by issues such as freedom of thought, personal liberty, or gay passions. Art and learning, as well as the disinterested classes who contribute to them, will have to make shift within the system; while the old illuminated nations of Europe can hardly hope, through the force of their culture or their rooted prejudices alone, to combat the resistless economic tides that sweep upon them today.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

Witnesses Against War

Témoins. By Jean Norton Cru. Paris: Les Etincelles. 100 francs.

A REMARKABLE book, of great interest to historians, psychologists, librarians, pacifists, students of literature, and many others. Unless suppressed by a conspiracy of silence it will cause many a militarist to rage and many a French writer to gnash his teeth, but it deserves to be consulted carefully as a notable contribution to what war really is. It confirms Sherman's dictum.

Mr. Cru has collected, annotated, analyzed, and skilfully compared several hundred French war diaries, reminiscences, reflections, and novels of persons who claim to have fought at the front and to have been "witnesses" of the realities of the World War. With extraordinary diligence he has ferreted out a brief biography of each writer, indicated all the regiments or divisions, with dates, to which he successively belonged, and given brief typical selections from the works of each. His closely printed volume of more than 700 large pages is both a bibliography and to some extent a critical anthology of the war literature of the common *poilu* like himself. In addition to a very complete index he has added eleven ingenious analyses, which enable the reader to find out what the men in the

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trenches thought and wrote about, and which give interesting statistics of their ages, peace occupations, geographical origins, fighting sectors, and publishers.

Mr. Cru, though a professor at Williams College, was born in France and fought throughout the war. He understands thoroughly the psychology of his fellow *poilus*. By comparing their written accounts, by using maps, and by internal evidence, he is able to sift out discriminatingly the relatively few reliable and accurate books from the majority which are vitiated by ignorance, imagination, self-importance, and the false bombast of "glory." One of his tests, for instance, is the *poilu's* reference to rain, which is easily checked up. One author he discredits because he uses *Boche* in August, 1914, whereas the true word in the first weeks of the war was *Alboche,* the shorter form not coming into general use until the early autumn of 1914. He uncovers the plagiarism from the memoir writers of the Napoleonic period. By intensive study of this kind he is able to rescue from obscurity or oblivion such excellent and reliable writers as Ardant du Picq, Deauville, Genevoix, Lintier, and Pézard; and also to dissect with devastating criticism such ignorant, overestimated, and fantastic best-sellers as Barbusse, Bertrand, Péricard, and Stéphane Lauzanne.

Mr. Cru concludes that whatever illusions about the glory of war the *poilu* may have had at mobilization, as soon as he was in the mud of the trenches with shells exploding around him his dominant thoughts were fear, weariness, horror, disgust, and the desire to live and to leave. He has some scathing remarks about staff officers, both on account of their out-of-date prejudices arising from hard-boiled past training and on account of their ignorance of front-line conditions. It is somewhat the point of view of Philip Gibbs's "Now It Can Be Told" or of Jean de Pierrefeu's "Plutarch a menti."

It is to be hoped that similar studies may be made of German, English, and American "witnesses." Spade-work of this kind, distinguishing fact from fancy, will be of great service to the future historian. It will also debunk the notion of the gloriousness of war, show its utter terribleness for those in the front line, and consequently strengthen the peace movement.

SIDNEY B. FAY

Dr. Levin's Life

Youth in Revolt. By Shmarya Levin. Translated by Maurice Samuel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

IN *The Nation* for January 1 I reviewed Dr. Levin's delightful and moving "Childhood in Exile" without knowing that it was only the prelude to what promises to be one of the important autobiographies of our time. This second volume carries on its author's personal fortunes through the eighties and nineties, in and out of high schools and universities, and from Russia to Germany. But it is much more than a personal record. Along with the youthful Levin we come to grips with Russian history and Jewish sufferings; we pass through the terrible period of the pogroms; we go deeply into the whole Jewish question; and we make contacts with the social revolutionary forces. Dr. Levin, of course, writes from the standpoint of the profoundly sincere Jewish Nationalist, the Zionist, a man who has devoted his life brilliantly and effectively to a single cause. And though the style is graceful and urbane there is no compromise in the point of view. But whatever one's political views, one will be deeply moved as one observes the naive country boy developing into the hot-blooded young dialectician, the university student in the thick of every Jewish Nationalist disturbance, meeting leaders, writing poetry and essays, and making passionate speeches. Here is a young

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FRED T. MARSH

The Sitwells Present—

The Man Who Lost Himself. By Osbert Sitwell. Coward-McCann. $2.50.

IT was to be expected after the first flurries of Anglicized French verse, after "Façade" and the sea farce and "Southern Baroque Art" that the problems besetting the novel would not have long to wait for a Sitwellian solution. It was equally to be expected that the result would follow the family's general characteristics and be original, brilliant, and a trifle confused.

Many of the aesthetics of Mr. Osbert Sitwell's book must be discounted. Whether biography is the only material which offers a perfect design for a novel; whether, to obtain a proper perspective of a man living today, it is necessary to postulate the remote future; whether the typical twentieth-century novel will set a balance between mind and action are questions Mr. Sitwell plays with but to which he makes no definite replies. What is important is that, eschewing the paths of the advance guard of the modernists, Joyce and Proust, refusing to chart another stream of consciousness or to record the psychology of a social stratum, Mr. Sitwell trys to weave a pattern between a mental phenomenon and a landscape. Poe, by divorcing both his characters and setting from reality, achieved magnificent designs, and Mr. Sitwell might well have succeeded within realistic bounds had he not chosen a phenomenon which could have occurred if Tristram Orlander had stayed in London and never set foot in Granada. The gifted young author whose unrequited love affair eventually told on his nerves experienced his readjustments to life in acute visionary forms, but what Mr. Sitwell fails to show is the indisputable influence of Granada on these experiences. The result is a cleavage in the design: Tristram never really merges with his background; his story and Granada's never become one. Yet this separation, confusing as it is in view of the author's emphasis of his technique, does not harm the essential quality of the work.

"The Man Who Lost Himself" is ironic fantasy such as only the Sitwells concoct with grace. Its impressions of grotesque beauty are built as much from the delicate mixture of farce, realism, and a peculiarly poetic awareness of nature's infinite guises as from the tragedy of Tristram's fatal sensitiveness. The picture of Granada, of its changing shapes, colors, odors, and sounds under the rising and setting sun and moon, succeeds in that most difficult of all descriptive tasks—the creation of a personality for a portion of the earth's surface. What the great romantic poets were wont to do for the Rhine and Greece Mr. Sitwell does for this hill in Spain. On the pages from which this image rises is some of the richest contemporary prose—prose which for its fecundity, resilience, and dignity reverts for comparison to the masters of the eighteenth century. Rhetoric of this kind, with its intricate structural and emotional convolutions, is a lost art among the cinematic writers of the day, but as Mr. Sitwell revives it, it contains inflections of wit and elegance which are not to be ignored.

FLORENCE CODMAN

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Films

Delightful Lunacy

TODAY the author's part in the talking picture is undoubtedly much more important than it used to be in the days of the silent picture, but his exact contribution still remains a great deal of a mystery. As an example one may quote "The Man from Blankley's" (Central), the honors of whose authorship are distributed by the program among the "author," the "screen adapter," and the "dialogist." In this case therefore, unless one has read Mr. Anstey's original story, one really does not know whether the credit for the delightful dialogue of the picture should go to him or to the "dialogist"; nor does one know whether upon him or the "screen adapter" should be fastened the blame for the thinness of the plot and the triviality of some of the scenes. Despite this uncertainty, however, let it be stated with all haste that "The Man from Blankley's" is a picture decidedly different from the general run of Hollywood productions. It has "quality"—the quality of subtle and imaginative literary intelligence—shining through its lines, though it lacks similar distinction in its dramatic and cinematic aspects.

It gives one a quite pleasant shock to discover a world as poignantly grotesque and whimsical as that in "Alice in Wonderland" or in Chekhov's "The Wedding" in what ostensibly is an unpretentious farcical comedy poking gentle fun at a collection of Victorian freaks. Indeed, the Dickensian flavor of the picture, to which reference is made in the program, extends no farther than the make-up and costumes of its characters, whereas there is a distinct echo of Lewis Carroll and Chekhov in the delicious disquisition on the peculiarities of scarabs, and in such bits of conversation as the remark by one of the guests that "hair does not grow under the legs of a rhinoceros." The striking resemblance of "The Man from Blankley's" to "The Wedding" can hardly escape notice, particularly in the parallel of a lord and a general who unknown to themselves act the parts of hired guests at a party. But in both plays the plot is only a peg on which the authors hang the wistful lunacy of their characters, and one's only regret is that compared with Chekhov's play "The Man from Blankley's" is just a little too tame. Mr. John Barrymore plays the tipsy lord excellently, and of the rest of the cast the midgety Miss Jones in the small part of Miss Bugle mingles her eccentricity with almost enough pathos to create a memorable image. Apart from its dialogue and acting the picture can boast of no cinematic virtues. It imitates the stage quite expertly, but gets no farther than that. It is to be hoped that even Hollywood will one day realize that cinematic treatment of dialogue is not confined to close-ups of the speaking characters.

Though Hollywood has not yet learned how to give music from the screen instead of reproducing it as it is given from the stage, Mr. John McCormack's "Song o' My Heart" (Forty-fourth Street Theater) deserves praise for the technical quality of its reproduction of sound and the simplicity and persuasive tranquillity of its acting and setting.

One does not look for any kind of "sophistication" in Mr. Jolson's pictures, but it seems as if the brand of sentimental appeal so skilfully exploited by this artist were beginning to wear rather thin. "Mammy" (Warner Brothers) is, of course, another instance of backstage life, this time of the minstrel variety, and with its simulacrum of a plot it provides Mr. Jolson with sufficient opportunities for singing Irving Berlin's reminiscences of the world's music direct from the stage platform. Mr. Jolson is a gifted enough artist to try to get away from a formula beginning to pall.

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*Civic Repertory—Until April 21st—Philadelphia, Pa.
*Death Takes a Holiday—Barrymore—47th St., W. of B'dway.
*Dishonored Lady—Empire—B'dway and 40th St.
Ruth Draper—Comedy—41st St., E. of B'dway.
***Fifty Million Frenchmen—Lyric—W. 42nd St.
***Flying High—Apollo—W. 42nd St.
**June Moon—Broadhurst—W. 44th St.
**Rebound—Plymouth—45th St., W. of B'dway.
**Strictly Dishonorable—Avon—W. 45th St.
***Strike Up The Band—Times Sq.—W. of B'dway.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—47th St., W. of B'dway.
*The Infinite Shoeblack—Elliot—39th St., E. of B'dway.
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Dance of Life; The Passion of Joan of Arc—Fifth Ave. Playhouse—66 Fifth Ave.
Her Private Affair; Around the World with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson—Film Guild—52 W. 8th St.
Journey's End—Gaiety—46th St. and B'dway.
The Man From Blankley's—Central—47th St. and B'dway.
The Night Ride; The Doctor's Secret—Little Picture House—151 East 50th St.

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Drama

Shakespeare Without Pain

MUCH can be said in favor of the Shakespearean stock company. To its members the bard has become an everyday affair and that fact in itself is enough to remove one of the curses which rest upon the Shakespearean performance. No one can play him week after week without losing the awkwardness which too great reverence induces, and nothing is more likely than too much reverence to destroy the acting value of plays which are eminently actable as well as a great many other things. Doubtless certain fine shadings are lost; but it is hardly less likely that some of them were lost when Burbage was a star, and what one seeks in the theater is not the thing which one can get better in the study but the thing which one cannot get there at all—the rush of the action and the physical confrontation of creatures endowed with flaming eloquence.

No one, I suppose, ever accused Fritz Leiber or any member of his company of brilliance. Neither have I ever heard serious discussion of any original interpretation invented by him, for he is, I believe, not wont to discover that Hamlet suffered from an Oedipus complex or that Shylock was a hero. But he is, on the other hand, an experienced war horse who has not only played with Julia Marlowe and Robert Mantell but barn-stormed as well, and though I do not know how many commentaries he may have read he has at least nine of the major roles by heart—which implies a certain familiarity with the text of the dramatist whom he plays. The result of it all is that the performances which he and his Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society have been giving at the Shubert have at least those elementary virtues which count for much. His Hamlet is clear and comprehensible, his Petruchio amusing, his Richard III rather thin, and his Lear pretty bad. But most of the performances are undeniably interesting, and accordingly, whatever else Shakespeare may or may not be when thus interpreted, he certainly is not a bore.

Mr. Leiber makes something of a boast of avoiding the academic. He prefers, so he says, to *present* Shakespeare rather than to inflict him, and in the effort to achieve this laudable end he cuts without mercy (though by no means without judgment) when the occasion seems to demand. Moreover, despite his promise to present the dramatist "as he wrote," he has no scruple against employing that most famous of interpolations "So much for Buckingham" or, what is infinitely more objectionable, against the rather frequent interjection of certain colloquial "well's," "why's," "yes's," and "no's" not in the text. Indeed, he gags his "Taming of the Shrew" most unmercifully, and seems to have forgotten that in addressing the players a few evenings before he had described that sort of thing as the result of a "most pitiful ambition." He could, in other words, be a bit more faithful without approaching pedantry, and demonstrate the faith he professes to have in Shakespeare's skill as a popular entertainer by making fewer such minor improvements. But these are, after all, matters of no very great moment, and even if we insist that they are blemishes, the fact remains that much can be subtracted from Shakespeare without greatly diminishing what is left. It is not often that we get an opportunity to see any one of the plays performed with any sort of competence at all. Mr. Leiber gives us nine, gives them tolerably well, and on the whole gives them for their own sakes rather than because he has some trick scenery to show off or because he has become infected with an itch to disport himself in some production designed for his own aggrandizement. Chicago is fortunate to have him, and I hope he will visit us again.

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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[FROM AN EDITORIAL]

I want to persuade my readers to secure the current issue of *The Bookman*. In my opinion, this is the most important and the most significant number ever printed.

I have known *The Bookman* from its birth in England, October, 1891, and have but to turn around in my chair to reach for the first eleven volumes. In 1897 I left England and a little while later transferred my allegiance to *The Bookman* in America, whose first editor was, I believe, Professor Thurston Peck. In all these years since I do not recall a single issue which, for interest, insight and courage, comes up to the one that lies on my desk at this moment.

Glenway Wescott's appreciation of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, Chesterton's characteristic outburst on "Magic and Fantasy in Fiction," Francis Hackett's essay on "The Post-Victorians," and Hamlin Garland's "Roadside Meetings," would, by themselves, make any magazine notable. But that which makes this issue so worth while for the student of contemporary tendencies in literature is the space that it gives to, and the attitude it reveals toward, humanism. Not to speak of the rather militant controversy between Allen Tate and Robert Shafer on what Mr. Tate called "The Fallacy of Humanism," there are two other articles that should be read by everybody who would understand what all the excitement is about.

Mr. Seward Collins, the editor, devotes his whole article on "Chronicle and Comment" to humanism. In fifteen two-column pages Mr. Collins gives his readers the most thorough and intelligent review and exposition of the humanistic movement it has ever been my good fortune to read. It would be impossible to give in a few paragraphs the gist of this comprehensive essay. I think there is scarcely a point at issue between humanists and anti-humanists on which Mr. Collins has not something illuminating to say. The whole movement is here set forth with a sympathetic understanding and a clarity of expression that makes the essay of immense value to those of my readers who know of humanism only what its enemies have ignorantly said of it.

But the chief place is given to Mr. Paul Elmer More's article on "A Revival of Humanism." It is far more than the review of *Humanism and America,* which it modestly pretends to be. It is an answer—and a magnificent answer—to all those sneering critics who delight in pointing out that humanists "can't even agree among themselves," and who draw the damning conclusion that humanism is nothing but confusion worse confounded. That there should be divergencies in so critical and delicate an attitude toward life and letters as humanism implies is a foregone conclusion, the human mind being what it is. But the truly impressive thing is the unanimity of humanists on certain essential and revolutionary views and attitudes.

W. E. L.

In the *Foxboro* (Mass.) *Reporter,* March 29.

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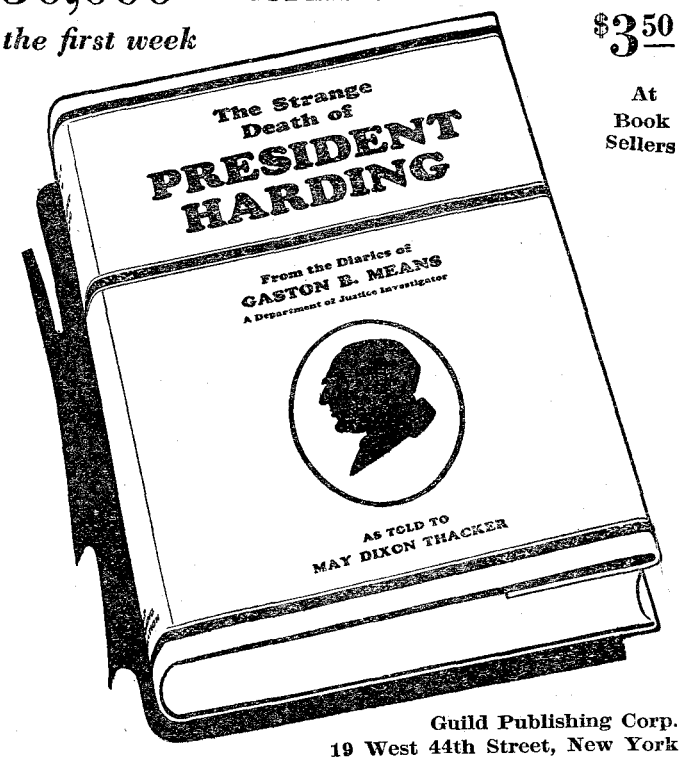

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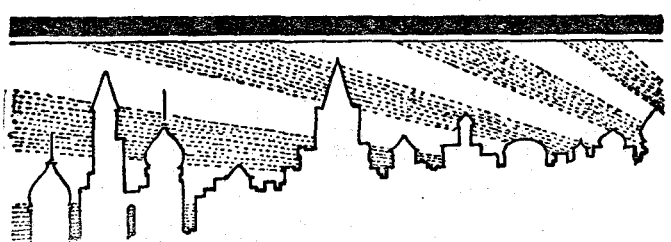

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Contributors to This Issue

James Dunbar is editor of the Edinburgh *Labour Standard.*

Irwin Edman is assistant professor of philosophy at Columbia University.

Stanley J. Kunitz will shortly publish a book of poems, "Intellectual Things."

Joshua Kunitz is author of "Russian Literature and the Jew."

Mark Van Doren is editor of "An Autobiography of America."

Granville Hicks is assistant professor of English at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

Isidor Schneider is author of "The Temptation of Anthony."

Smith Ely Jelliffe, one of the outstanding neuro-psychiatrists, is managing editor of the *Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease.*

Matthew Josephson is author of "Portrait of the Artist as American," which will be published this spring.

Sidney B. Fay is professor of European history at Harvard University.

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